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The Week

IN THE week ending August 10, foreign news was still polarized about China and Spain, but no decisive events occurred in either troubled region. . . . The Japanese extended their military penetration and control of Peiping and Tientsin, making it quite evident that they intend to establish permanent ascendancy in Hopei and Chahar provinces. In doing so they have had no more consideration for European and American business interests than for Chinese. Nanking continued to threaten forcible resistance, and rumors about northward movements of central-government troops continued to filter through, but no general engagement occurred. In Shanghai the killing of a Japanese officer who was outside the permitted zone brought fears of Japanese military aggression in that quarter. Bombing raids against various positions went on. Japan took measures to restrict her imports of non-essentials so that she could reduce her adverse balance of trade and buy necessary war materials from abroad. China announced a loan from England, saying it was not for war purposes. . . . In Spain the rebels extended their salient toward the Madrid-Valencia road, but the most serious danger to the loyalists appeared from within their ranks. A combination of Anarchists and Trotskyites, who seem to have made an alliance with Cabellero, the former Socialist Premier, are preparing to revolt, on the principle that social revolution must be obtained now, no matter what happens to the prosecution of the war.

THE Senate passed the Wagner-Steagall housing bill with crippling amendments; advocates of genuine public housing are hoping that the House will correct the mistake. This matter is treated at greater length in another column. . . . The wages-and-hours bill was well on its way to enactment. . . . Sugar interests bucked the administration by trying to reduce import quotas from Puerto Rico and Hawaii. . . . Congress conservatives having decided not to pass the new agricultural bill, the President declined to extend loans on cotton without any assurance of future crop limitation. Southern Congressmen suddenly became worried about the price reductions consequent upon the great size of the 1937 crop. . . . Copeland, running against Mahoney for the Democratic nomination as Mayor of New York, tried to capitalize Mahoney's and LaGuardia's support of the New Deal by accusing the President of being a dictator, of interfering with local politics, and of seeking a third term. Though the President denied any intervention, Senator Copeland dramatized his stand by introducing an anti-third-term amendment. . . . The Textile Workers' Organizing Committee, which has quietly been organizing mills and signing contracts all over the country, broke into the news with an orderly and effective strike in the silk and rayon industries. Many of the largest mills have already been signed up and are not involved; many of the others are ready to coöperate with the union if the rest will.

AN ATTEMPT is being made in Congress to rush through the Pittman-McReynolds bill before the threat of adjournment becomes an actuality. At first glance the bill seems so silly that one is in danger of overlooking the challenge it contains to the right of freedom of speech contained in the first Amendment to the Constitution. Its purpose is to prevent picket-

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ing of the buildings in the District of Columbia that are occupied by the representatives of any foreign government in the course of their official business. Whether or not picketing an Embassy has ever had any effect on a foreign government, it is our right to do so and—as the House committee minority report signed by Hamilton Fish, Robert Allen and Edith Nourse Rogers has pointed out—the enactment of the resolution might easily serve as a precedent for further infringements of civil liberties. The resolution is so loosely written that it makes a sort of no-man's land of the sidewalks around the foreign embassy, wherein no Mr. Milquetoast would dare to wander. It is an offense, according to the bill, to walk in the restricted area with an American flag in one's buttonhole, or wearing a union button. If this bill passes, it would be theoretically possible to put any Capital visitor in irons for having asked the way to the Washington Monument while standing on an embassy sidewalk.

SECRETARY OF STATE Hull, on July 16, made a statement that war in any part of the world affects all countries and that therefore treaties ought to be respected, international trade encouraged and armaments reduced. These are worthy sentiments; they have been expressed dozens of times before by Mr. Hull and thousands of times by other men in high places in recent years. Mr. Hull, however, sent a copy of his declaration to the heads of all governments, throughout the world, and invited them to reply. Thirty-seven nations have now done so, and like Mr. Coolidge's pastor in the famous story, they were all against sin. To be sure, Germany, Italy and Japan were ominously silent. Spain and China did not answer, for good and obvious reasons. Hungary, Bulgaria and South Africa referred to the injustices of 1919 that keep the war spirit alive. Still there were thirty-seven favorable replies; and for some mysterious reason, Mr. Hull seems to attach substantial importance to them. We are puzzled to know why; offhand, these answers would seem about as significant as a bridegroom's reply to the thousandth inquiry by the bride whether he still loves her. If we have learned anything in modern times, it is that statesmen abhor armed conflict. They abhor it even while they plan and execute national policies that are certain to bring it about.

PROBABLY most readers of daily newspapers in the past few months have gained an impression that men out on strike, in various parts of the country, have been guilty of a great deal of violence. The New Republic on several occasions has pointed out that this is not true. Now comes the American Civil Liberties Union to report a survey of recent events, confirming our contention. From January 1 to August 1, twenty-five persons were killed and 751 were injured in disputes growing out of strikes. Of the twenty-five, twenty-four were strikers or strike sympathizers. Only one police officer lost his life during that time, a man killed in the strike against the Aluminum Company of America at Alcoa, Tennessee. Of those injured, 490 were strikers or sympathizers, 70 were police officers, 31 were scabs, and 140 were not accurately identified. These figures tell their own story. Violence is used against workers far more than by them. As the ACLU well says: "Public officials aiding one side as against the other violate their public function. The civil liberties of all sides—employers, non-strikers and strikers—can be maintained without taking sides and without the tragic price of bloodshed. No movement is more menacing to American liberties than the tendency now to magnify violence by strikers in the face of this record and through it to justify resort to vigilantism."

JITTERY conservatives who constantly wail that the country will surely bankrupt itself with such "radical" and "utopian" schemes as social-security legislation should take a look at the report issued by the non-partisan group of economists and public-spirited citizens in England known as Political and Economic Planning. The figures show that Great Britain spends on all her public services a total of $2,000,000,000, making a per-capita expenditure of $45, or about one-tenth of the average per-capita income. Since the population of Britain is a little more than one-third that of the United States, comparable spending in this country would mean an annual outlay of nearly $6,000,000,000. Thus Great Britain not only has a far greater relative outlay than the United States, but she also provides a much wider variety of services. Merely to list them is impressive. The PEP report groups them in three divisions: (1) constructive community services—education, public health, medical care, care of the mentally diseased, care of the blind, unemployment exchanges and training centers; (2) social insurance services—national health insurance, unemployment insurance and widows', orphans' and old-age contributory pensions; and (3) social-assistance services: non-contributory old-age pensions, unemployment assistance (the "dole") and the services of many local public-assistance committees.

AN ADDITION to the field of consumer-advice publications will appear in September when The National Consumer News is to make its bow as a forty-four page magazine, with an estimated circulation of 75,000 and advertising at a rate of $540 per page per issue. The paper has existed since 1934, but in very different form. It has been distributed to members of women's clubs, consumers' clubs and home-economics groups as a twelve-page tabloid for three years, but without making very much impression in comparison with its two major rivals, Consumers' Union and Consumers' Research. We know nothing to the disadvantage of The National Consumer News, but it seems a little startling to find a periodical in this field beginning by a far-flung appeal to the advertising business for support, and particularly since so much current advertising is

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either actually harmful or at least not helpful to the consumer. We should like to predict that the next Big Business to develop will be that of aiding the consumer, or at least, pretending to do so.

PERIL stalks the Fuller-brush man, the boy who is selling his way through college, the vacuum-cleaner salesman and all the other agents who earn their livings by house-to-house canvassing. The "Green River ordinance," a city statute which holds direct selling to be a nuisance and a misdemeanor, has been passed in more than a hundred communities since 1933, when Green River, Wyoming, invented the idea and a Mr. J. L. Bunger, employed by the Fuller Brush Company, became its first victim. A good many other cities, in addition to those that have copied the Green River law, have begun campaigns against door-to-door selling and have resurrected old ordinances of the same nature. The door-to-door salesmen are taking steps to oppose the onrushing disaster which threatens to place them beside the bison, the Indian and Tom-Thumb golf on the shelf labeled Vanished Americana. They have organized a protective association and are busy building good will, trying to prove that the public does not oppose them but only the selfish local merchant. All of which brings to mind the scheme invented a few years ago by someone in the far West to fight the house-to-house merchant: the dime-in-the-slot doorbell. If you were a friend and had a dime you could deposit your money in the slot, ring the bell and greet your acquaintance, confident that your investment would be returned. No salesman, of course, could afford to risk a dime on the remote chance of selling his brush, magazine or vacuum cleaner.

IT IS good news that the public now is to get a chance to see "The Spanish Earth," the film recently made by Joris Ivens to provide photographic documentation of the civil war in Spain. In it the ordinary life of the Spanish village is alternated and contrasted with the ravages of modern warfare. Some of the circumstances of its filming were vividly described by Ernest Hemingway in his dispatch printed in The New Republic for May 5. Hemingway wrote the commentaries used in "The Spanish Earth" and aided in financing the project. The young Dutch director and photographer, Joris Ivens, was assisted by John Ferno in making the film. A musical score was later contributed by Virgil Thomson and Marc Blitzstein. The film has been shown at the White House, and at a private showing in Hollywood the top-ranking film stars who were present were so enthusiastic that a fund of $14,000 was subscribed on the spot to aid in the fight for the preservation of democratic government in Spain. The film is scheduled to open at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse in New York City on August 20 and subsequent runs in other cities and towns are being arranged by Joris Ivens from his offices at the Preview Theatre, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

SEVERAL years ago, motion-picture theatres throughout the country began to change their policy. Instead of presenting one feature picture, a newsreel and perhaps one or two other short items, they began to offer "double features"—two long films, each lasting from an hour to an hour and forty minutes. Two explanations were advanced for this change: that it was an attempt of the big chains of movie houses to put their little independent competitors out of business, and that the public demand for double features was irresistible. The first of these arguments no longer makes sense, if it ever did; the independents are also showing double features, so that whatever advantage the chains once had has disappeared. The second argument is also destroyed by a recent survey by Fortune Magazine, made according to the most approved technique for sampling public opinion. Fortune found that 70 percent of the population was violently opposed to double features. Meanwhile, reports from Hollywood tell what a burden the system is on the studios, which are now deliberately making inferior pictures at a low cost to be the second item on a double bill. To sit through two long films is a physical ordeal for most adults, whether the films are good or bad. Such a procedure violates the whole proper conception of the relation between artistic creation and audience. The whole thing is a beautiful example of the fact that successful businesses do not always give the public what it wants.

THIS is a call to the nation's manhood to unite in self-defense. A foul plot is being perpetrated against you. Stand together, men, for your liberties. Years ago, shirts were made with "French cuffs": a double thickness of cloth over the wrists, folded back and held in place with cuff links, preferably of gold or silver and, if the owner were rich enough, ornamented with precious stones. Then came the revolution, when some genius discovered that a simple button and button-hole at the end of the sleeve were more comfortable, cooler and cheaper, and the shirtmakers fell into line. This, however, broke the hearts of the manufacturing jewelers, who wanted, naturally, to sell cuff links. Very recently, through what is obviously a plot between the jewelers and the shirtmakers, French cuffs have again appeared in the market. The shirtmakers no doubt are trying to persuade the populace that any shirt with non-French cuffs is out of date, thereby hoping to increase the sale. It is reasonable to suppose, too, that French cuffs wear out sooner than any sensible variety, thus producing the important technological factor of artificial obsolescence. Here is a case for men to stand together and refuse to be treated like mice. When you buy shirts, we suggest you demand that they have no French cuffs. If the salesman insists, shout, pound on the showcase and, if necessary, lie on the floor, kick, scream and hold your breath. Be warned that if you don't, a horrible fate awaits you: they will bring back the detached, starched collar.

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Congress Balks

THE OPPONENTS of the President in Congress were saying, before he surrendered on the proposal to reform the Supreme Court, that this issue was delaying other legislation, and that if Mr. Roosevelt would abandon his attempt to tamper with the judiciary, there would be no substantial quarrel about other matters. How sincere this attitude is may now be judged by the action or non-action of the Congressmen on the rest of the official program. The national legislators are anxious to adjourn as soon as possible on account of the heat of Washington. If they are ready to accept the non-judicial part of the legislative program, they should therefore pass it quickly with as little quibbling as possible. If they are not ready to accept it, they will use the desire for adjournment as an excuse for killing measures they dislike. There is only one other course. If they are genuinely concerned about modifying and debating new bills, they can stay on and do so. The desire for early adjournment comes from Congress itself, and the way they use it will be a test of their attitude.

The first important action of the Senate after the Court bill was recommitted was to emasculate the child-labor provisions of the bill for maximum hours and minimum wages. The measure, with plentiful allowance for exceptions and regional differences, was then passed. In the House, the effort of the committee having the bill in charge to impose higher standards has been abandoned. There is still a good deal of doubt whether many Southern Representatives will not do everything possible to nullify or defeat a measure which may cost something to Southern textile manufacturers.

The next important measure was the Wagner-Steagall housing bill, a proposal which had been discussed almost from the beginning of the Roosevelt administration, and one which by last year had assumed a form acceptable to all the reputable experts and associations interested in public housing. This year, further modifications were made which were deplored by the housing advocates, but accepted because they seemed to conciliate enough opposition to assure the passage of the bill. It had widespread public support and was expected to arouse little opposition. Nevertheless it was further amended at the instance of reactionary Democratic Senators in what amounts to a final effort to hamper its operation, in the supposed interest of private speculative builders. As we point out in another column, no project may be undertaken if the cost is to be over $1,000 a room, excluding the price of land and demolition. That is a dangerously low maximum; if costs were to rise in an inflationary period it would become too low. Another amendment forbids the allocation of more than 20 percent of the appropriation to a single state. Since the appropriation is small, that means that New York, which has by far the largest slum population in the union, will not receive benefits in proportion to its need, while smaller states will be tempted to obtain projects on a pork-barrel basis. In the House, conservative Democrats are trying to marshal rural representatives in opposition to the bill on the ground that it proposes to spend public money for the sole benefit of urban regions. In view of the large body of legislation already passed for the special benefit of farmers, this is most obtuse.

Though the President's program of desirable legislation has already been whittled to a minimum, at least two of the more necessary measures are not likely to be passed in any form. One is the general government-reorganization bill, which is supposed to increase the efficiency and orderliness of the executive branch, adding useful new agencies such as a permanent planning board, and extending the Civil Service. This is a fundamental measure that needs discussion and probably is far from perfect, but the reluctance of Congress to deal with it now is, we fear, a reluctance to deal with it at all rather than a desire to give it ample consideration. Any increase of governmental efficiency means a decrease in the patronage controlled by Congressmen, and a diminution of their prerogative to devote their time to private bills and picayune minor matters to curry favor with constituents. The most that Congress is likely to do is to pass that small part of the bill giving the President six new assistants.

The other measure is the new agricultural bill, opposed on principle by many Republicans and conservative Democrats, who do not want any governmental planning of production. Secretary Wallace has correctly pointed out that with the high prices recently obtainable, farmers were certain to overproduce just as they have done before, thus bringing another cycle of low prices. Opposition has taken the high ground that there should be no restriction of output, but we suspect that what the conservatives are really trying to exploit is the feeling that farmers not only ought to be allowed to raise as much as they individually please, but ought to receive high prices for however much they raise. The President wisely has declined to extend government cotton loans this year in the absence of any assurance that crop restriction would be reënacted; it is amusing to see the Southern leaders' worry about this question in view of the large crop and the drop in prices that has already begun. Our good adherents of laissez-faire cannot have it both ways. If they do not want production-control they should not yammer for governmental assistance in holding surpluses off the market to boost prices.

The truth is that a large number of Congressmen, Democrats as well as Republicans, are sick of the New Deal or any new deal, and want to sink back into their old ways of thought and action. Their opposition to the Court bill was just a tactical beginning for opposition to progressive measures in general. The split in the Democratic Party is steadily widening, and the President will have to keep on fighting if he is not to be beaten by the Right wing.

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New York City Politics

THE New York City mayoralty campaign gives a perfect example of the way in which old party loyalties are being broken down by the New Deal. Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, who was elected four years ago as a Fusion candidate supported by many independent progressives and some Republicans, is running again, his chief platform plank being that he is a loyal supporter of Mr. Roosevelt. The conservative Republicans, who hate the President like poison but realize that they have no hope of winning an election unaided, do not know what to do. Some of them have combined with the anti-Roosevelt Democrats (headed by the reactionary Al Smith), who have put up United States Senator Royal S. Copeland as their candidate in the primaries, in what seems a hopeless race. Copeland may, in fact, offer himself as the Republican candidate as well. Tammany Hall, powerful only in the Borough of Manhattan, is supporting Copeland. Tammany has a new leader in the person of Christopher D. Sullivan, taking the place of the late James J. Dooling. It is reported that Al Smith helped to engineer the selection of Sullivan in return for an agreement to support an anti-Roosevelt candidate. The other four boroughs of New York are offering as their candidate Mr. Jeremiah T. Mahoney, a professed New Dealer, who came to the fore when Grover Whalen declined to run.

The question of the attitude of the federal Democratic machine is of course of great importance. President Roosevelt has issued a vigorous denial that he is taking any part whatever in New York City politics, and it is obvious that it would be poor strategy for him to seem to interfere. New Yorkers are like everyone else in resenting the appearance of dictation from afar. If the President hopes La Guardia is reëlected, the wise plan is to let LaGuardia support Mr. Roosevelt, and not vice versa.

There is still, to be sure, a certain amount of doubt as to what Mr. Farley may do. Farley is a professional politician, with no real allegiance to the New Deal, although he is personally loyal to the President. He would sell LaGuardia down the river in two minutes if he thought a bargain could be struck with the Democrats in New York City, excluding Manhattan, that would be advantageous to the national Democratic machine. Meantime, labor and the unattached progressives are far more of a factor in New York City affairs than ever before. It is claimed that the American Labor Party may hold the balance of power this autumn, and there is some evidence that this is true.

Experts in New York City politics continue to believe that LaGuardia will be reëlected. The Democrats are split wide open between the Roosevelt and anti-Roosevelt forces, and the breach cannot possibly be healed between the primary and the election. The conservative Republicans make a great deal of noise everywhere except in the voting booth. LaGuardia has given New York the best administration within the memory of man, and unlike many successful administrators, he is also a skillful politician. New York's 440,000 Italians love him because he is one of them. The 1,765,000 Jews love him for his criticism of Hitler. Half a dozen other groups have an affection for him because he speaks their languages, having begun his career as a professional interpreter. In his incessant public activity, his ease before the camera and his ability to say the right thing 99 percent of the time, he has been matched by no one since the first Theodore Roosevelt.

Robbing the Sugar Bowl

PASSAGE of the sugar bill by the House last week was an additional blow to the prestige of President Roosevelt. It also gave a good indication of the power of the sugar lobby which Mr. Roosevelt has himself described as the most powerful pressure group that he has seen in Washington during the course of his lifetime. In the closing hours of debate over the bill, which is designed to take the place of the Jones-Costigan act of 1934, the issue of difference between the administration and the sugar interests was clearly drawn. It is the question whether Puerto Rico and Hawaii should be allowed to export unlimited quantities of refined sugar into the United States. The administration felt that they should be allowed this freedom because their inhabitants, as citizens of the United States, have equal rights with citizens on the mainland, because it opposes the erection of trade barriers within the United States and because the limitations would establish a colonial system contrary to American policy. The House, however, saw fit to ignore the administration's advice and the bill, including restrictions against Puerto Rico and Hawaii, was passed by a vote of 165 to 55.

The question of sugar in its present form goes back to the time of the War when home production was encouraged by the government. At that time there were no substantial refining plants in our insular possessions or in Cuba and sugar was at a premium because of war-time shortage. Shortly after the War there was a serious surplus of sugar, prices fell and producers in Cuba, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, as well as those at home, were very badly off. Finally, in 1933, all the producers got together and agreed upon a quota restriction of production (which was incorporated in the Jones-Costigan act the next year) as the best way to improve the condition of their trade. Apparently the compromise solution was acceptable to the sugar producers of the United States and of the island possessions, but it deftly ignored the interest of the consumer.

Taken in the aggregate, sugar grown and refined in the United States is high in cost. It comes from cane grown in Louisiana and Florida and from sugar-beets that are the product of the Rocky Mountain states and Michigan, Ohio and Nebraska.

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In all, there is an estimated investment of $700,000,000 in sugar-growing within the States, and the additional cost paid for sugar by domestic consumers to protect this investment is about three cents a pound, or an *annual* sacrifice of some $350,000,000. There are a few regions of the continental United States which can compete with the insular possessions in sugar production on an equal footing. But these are not typical. If the bill passes and if the President fails to veto it as he has threatened to do, we should realize that we are subsidizing a small group of producers, represented in Washington by able and unscrupulous lobbyists, just as surely as we are subsidizing the merchant marine, or the air mail. We should remember, too, that in these other subsidies we receive some service for our money spent, while in the case of sugar we get nothing.

False Friends of Housing

NEWSPAPER headlines a few days ago said "Wagner housing bill passes Senate." Hasty readers of the daily press may have the impression that this is true, but it is not. What happened was that the enemies of decent housing for the poor—men who, oddly enough, turn out to be the enemies of progress in practically all other fields—passed a housing bill so amended as to destroy its usefulness. There is no doubt that this was deliberately intended, and we hope the voters will remember it when Senators Byrd, Tydings, Burke, Bailey, Van Nuys and the rest are up for reëlection.

What are these amendments? One of them restricts the expenditure for housing to $1,000 per room and $4,000 per individual dwelling. It is just barely possible to build for that price now, on low-cost land near the large Eastern centers where the housing need is worst. (Though the thousand-dollar limit excludes the cost of the land, the type of construction necessary in congested areas is more costly.) An increase in costs through inflation or for any other reason would make building even outside congested areas impossible. On the other hand, in the South and West where construction costs are at a minimum, $1,000 per room is more than is necessary and will encourage waste.

Another amendment says that not more than 20 percent of the federal funds shall be available for any one state. That is to say, the criterion is not to be human need, but the political principle of "pass the gravy around."

Still another provision says that old buildings must be destroyed in numbers equal to the new buildings erected. This proposal is an attempt by the private commercial real-estate interests, which have always fought against decent homes for the poor, and are so fighting today, to prevent additional construction to relieve the present shortage, a shortage that is critical in some areas. It is supported by some well meaning liberals who have been caught by the phrase, "abolition of slums," and do not realize that land prices in many slum areas prohibit good housing, that new buildings in such areas tend to deteriorate rapidly, and that the best projects are those that take the slum dweller right out of his old, unhealthy situation, into places where green grass, sunshine and fresh air are available without prohibitive expense.

Another amendment puts the housing program under Mr. Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior and Public Works Administrator. Mr. Ickes is an honest man and a good liberal, but we do not think he should supervise the housing program of the federal government for several reasons: (a) he has far too much to do as it is; (b) the PWA under him has already made a start at housing, and not a very good start: fresh minds and a fresh viewpoint are desirable; (c) with a housing board, Mr. Ickes over the board, and the President over Mr. Ickes, we should have three layers of responsibility, whereas an independent commission, able to plan and act freely on its own, is what is needed. At the very most, Mr. Ickes should be allowed to handle only the routine bookkeeping of the projects, a field in which the PWA is famously good.

Still another bad amendment has wiped out demonstration projects, through which the country might see what levels of achievement are now possible in the field of housing and community planning. The Senate has also removed from the picture such promising experiments as limited-dividend corporations and coöperative housing efforts.

Confronted by this picture of sabotage, one's first impulse is to say that it would be better to have no housing bill at all than this product of the wreckers. Unfortunately, there is no guarantee that the tories in the next session of Congress will not be just as strong or stronger. Our hope therefore must lie in the House of Representatives, which is now considering the bill. The need for federal aid to housing requires no reiteration at this time. We can only hope that the members of the House will remember their responsibility to the people of the United States, and not follow the Senate, which remembered only the private real-estate interests.

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The End of the Muzhik

A FOREIGN diplomat in Moscow on his return from a first visit to the Russian countryside told me that he never had imagined the Russian villages were so bleak and comfortless. Had he known Russian villages before the Revolution or read writers like Reshetnikov, Uspensky, Saltykov Shchedrin, Ivan Bunin, Chekhov and others who have left priceless documents on the state of the peasantry in the old days, he would have been neither depressed nor surprised. In its outward appearance the Russian village always was ugly. The mud after a rain, the dust in dry weather, the absence of sidewalks, pavements, street lights, lawns, the presence of mud ponds and scummy ditches, the open wells unprotected from the sweepings of winds and from the missiles of children, the livestock prowling around front yards and streets, the unclean windows, the swarms of flies in the houses, the pungent smells—these on first contact always dismay the foreigner.

It is only when one turns to the personality of the peasant and to the new human relationships that are rapidly crystallizing in the village that one perceives the overwhelming transformation the Revolution has worked. Liberals and radicals who are disgusted with the treatment of the intellectual opposition within the Party and who speak of the present Party leadership—not the least of whose sins is a gruesome incapacity to conciliate opposition—as "the most tyrannical despotism in history," would change their minds, at least in part, had they been aware of the brilliance with which this leadership has converted the most disastrous calamity, which collectivization was in its early years, into the most consummate triumph of the Revolution, if not of all history. It has more than pushed agriculture into the age of science and the machine and into a superior form of social control. It has recreated the whole scheme of living in the village. Indeed, it has been tearing out of the peasant his muzhik soul even as it has been tearing away from him the wooden plow, the wooden flail, and his *lapti* (bark shoes).

Last summer while in a village in the Ukraine I heard of a peasant who in the days before the Revolution had stubbornly refused to allot to his son a share of the family lands, so that he and his wife could establish a household of their own. Father and son argued, quarreled, fought and then one morning the father penitently announced that he had been in error and that of course his son could separate from the family and receive his share of the land. He proposed that they celebrate the separation with a special dinner and vodka. The son was happy, his wife was happy and during the feast father and son and other members of the family drank joyous toasts and vowed eternal good will toward one another. Shortly afterwards the son and his wife were dead. The father had poisoned them.

As I was listening to the story I could not help thinking that such a tragedy would be utterly impossible under collectivization. Not that murders have disappeared from the city or the village. But murder growing out of the peasant's ancient lust for land is now inconceivable. The collective owns the land in perpetuity and works it as a unit. Each member is allowed from one-half acre to three acres for a garden or feed crop for livestock, and as soon as a man marries and asks for this allotment the collective is obliged to parcel it out to him. A married son, therefore, who wishes to live by himself with his wife no longer depends on the family holding.

Consider further what it has done for the old people, the orphaned and the disabled. Kind as Russian peasants are to strangers, sheer poverty had made them intolerant of grown persons who made no contribution to the family income. A father or mother too feeble to work was often enough kept on short rations or driven from the home. No more cheerful was the lot of the orphan. There are not many words in the peasant vocabulary with a more sinister connotation than the word *macheha* (stepmother). Sad beyond words are the songs about an orphan who had to live with a stepmother.

Now it is all different. The collective sets aside two percent of its gross yield for the care of the old, the disabled, the orphaned, and woe to the man or woman who interferes with the administration of this fund or who in any way humiliates or abuses the people for whom it is intended. Not a collective I visited in the Ukraine but had a special house for orphans and a special caretaker, and the Board of Education in the nearby towns kept close watch on both. On one collective the orphan home seemed more like a museum, so rich was it with displays of wooden toys which the orphans had made with their own hands. Not in one of these homes was there a trace of the sullenness and terror that *machehas* so often inspired in the old days.

Many are the other evils of which collectivization has cleansed the peasant family and the peasant community. In his novel "The Village," as beautiful in style as it is brutal in content, Ivan Bunin, whom no one would accuse of darkening the picture of village life in the pre-war days for the sake of any kind of propaganda, makes one of his characters say:

> And the songs? The same thing, always the same; the stepmother is "wicked and greedy," the father-in-law, "harsh and quarrelsome," sits on the top of the oven "like a dog on a rope"; the mother-in-law, no less wicked, also sits on the oven "like a bitch on a

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chain"; the sisters-in-law are invariably "young bitches and tricksters"; the brothers-in-law are "malicious scoffers"; the husband is either "a fool or a drunkard"; the old father-in-law bids him thrash his wife soundly "until her hide rolls down to her heels," while the wife, after scrubbing the floor for him, "ladled out the cabbage soup, scrubbed clean the threshold and baked the cakes," turned to her husband with the words, "get up, you foul wretch, wake up, here is a dish of water, wash yourself, here are your leg wrappers, wipe yourself, here is a piece of rope, hang yourself." And our adages, Tikhon Ilytch. Could anything more vile and foul be invented? And our proverbs! "A man who has been soundly whipped is worth two who haven't been. . . . Simplicity is worse than thievery!"

Even if we allow for the exaggeration that goes with generalization and for the author's obvious revulsion against the sloth and wickedness of the village, the quotations he hurls at the reader from song and adage tell a cruel tale. There were of course decent fathers and mothers-in-law in the villages and decent stepmothers, and there were families, however large and poor, that lived in a spirit of amicability. But the other kind was common enough to have stirred the folk imagination into the poignant laments and denunciations that Bunin quotes. The power of the father and father-in-law alone easily lent itself to tyrannous abuse.

Now sons and daughters and daughters-in-law are workers over whose earnings neither father nor mother nor any of the in-laws have any control. They are paid in so-called labor days, the sum varying with the kind and quality and amount of their work. Their earnings are registered in their own names and, unless voluntarily signed away to someone else, can be claimed only by themselves. Thus freed of economic dependence on their elders the young people are no longer subject to their will and cannot be made the victims of their greed, their lust or their follies.

The economic security that collectivization provides, the Russian village had never known. One of the saddest memories I have of my boyhood days in a Russian village was the processions of the *pogoreltsui,* men and women whose houses burned down and who went about for months collecting alms so that they could build anew. Endless seemed the procession of these unfortunates. And supposing a man lost his horse? If his wife died he wept and buried her and went to work and soon enough found another wife. But if his horse died he could not plow on time, could not draw out his manure and haul in his grain on time, and he had no conveyance of his own to go to town in and exchange a sack of potatoes or a pair of roosters for matches, kerosene, a lamp or some other household commodity. Only one alternative was open to him—to hire a horse from a neighbor, usually from a kulak, sometimes at a reasonable price and sometimes at the cost of a share of the crop or of a certain number of work days at a wage ridiculously low.

Now if a man's house burns down he has the collective to fall back on. Never do he and his family have to start on an alms-collecting pilgrimage. There are no more wandering *pogoreltsui* in the Russian villages. Out of its reserves and with its labor and building materials the collective helps a member get a new home. It is obliged to do so, and only the dense bureaucracy with which some of the collectives are infested prevents the performance of this duty. As for horses only the collective has the right to own them. If one or a dozen horses die the individual member of the collective has no reason to fear immediate disaster. The work on the land and the care of the crops are the concern of the entire membership and of the nearby tractor station which controls nearly all the agricultural machinery. Likewise if a man's pig dies or if he loses his cow, he need not mortgage in advance his own or his wife's labor to a kulak in exchange for a calf or a pig. The collective is supposed to supply him with both from its own herds or by purchase elsewhere at a price fixed by the government and on easy payments if necessary.

Not even the failure of the grain crop—the severest blow that can strike a peasant—holds out the menace or the doom that it did in the old days. Out of the immense reserves that the government now has at its disposal, it lends grain to stricken collectives without the charge of a single kopek in interest. During my visit to the central Crimea last autumn I came on a Jewish collective that had suffered a disastrous crop failure and though it still had some of its own grain, it had already received the necessary loan from the government.

Most astonishing is the inner change that the Revolution and especially collectivization have wrought in the peasant. Consider what has happened to the muzhik's so-called patience and resignation of which Russian authors—the best of them—have written now with pathos, now with anger, now with loathing but never with ridicule. In his "Master and Man," Tolstoy gives us a tragic example of a peasant who when caught in a blizzard on a country road resigns himself with hardly a murmur to all eventualities. The master is ablaze with protest. "What!" he says to himself, "to perish and for nothing?" He does not feel sorry for his driver. After all "what sort of a life has he? He does not even care whether he goes on living." As if in justification of these terrible words the peasant digs a hole in the snow in the rear of the sled, spreads out a layer of straw and sits down to await the worst. "He was patient and could wait on and on for hours and days without a feeling of disturbance or irritation." As his strength began to wane he did not know whether he was falling asleep or dying, and he was "equally ready for both."

Reshetnikov in his "Podlipovtsui" gives a more poignant example of the peasant's patience and resignation. He tells the story of a small village of only six houses which had had a crop failure. The people did not know what to do with themselves. They could cut stove wood but the town was 100

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versts away and how could they hope to get there? They could mow down the grass and sell the surplus hay, but who would buy it? The townspeople could not be reached and in the nearby villages peasants had their own hay. They could make bark shoes and wooden tubs and other things, but other peasants were selling such articles at prices with which they could not hope to compete. They could hunt grouse and bear but they had no powder. Bears of course could be killed with crowbars, but it was a bad season for bears, few of them were around, and besides there was little demand for them and they fetched only three rubles apiece. "That's why they became victims of apathy, and lost hope of selling anything and seldom left their houses." They stayed inside and starved. The story sounds like a Russian "Tobacco Road" except that it has none of Jeeter Lester's reckless joviality. The author confessed that while writing it he felt so broken up that he wept.

Though concerned with the village of the sixties of the past century "Podlipovtsui" reveals a trait and an attitude that had become almost an organic part of peasant psychology. Evidence of it one could find at every step in the village. Often as I waded ankle deep in village mud and saw wagons sink to their hubs and even lower, I would ask myself, why did not peasants get together and cobble their streets? They needed no money for such a communal improvement. A few days' labor by the men would protect the village for years against the havoc that followed storms and spring thaws. Why also were they so tolerant of the roaches and bedbugs and other insects in their houses? Why did not they do a lot of little things that would have made their lives more comfortable? Why did not even kulaks, with gold hidden somewhere in a pouch in the earth or in the roof, bother to cobble at least their yards? They just did not. The absolutism of the old government and of the old church, the helplessness in the face of fire, flood, plague, drought, any natural calamity, the constant tussle with poverty, had inculcated in them a complete apathy to their own lot and to the impositions of the world about them, of both man and nature. Of course there were exceptions. The coming of schools, especially of the *zemstvo* schools and of other *zemstvo* services like that of the agronom, stirred masses of peasants into a reappraisal of the forces that ruled their life. Now and then, driven to desperation, they would even pick up what weapons they could lay their hands on and wage brutal war against the people "above them." But in the mass, though they might grumble and curse and wail, they remained victims and symbols of a sense of helplessness and of a blind patience with the world about them.

Now through its very insistence on conformity to its own aims and methods the Revolution is breaking down the muzhik's apathy and resignation. A deluge of fresh ideas has been drowning out of him the notion that nature is always unconquerable. If drought threatens he is made feverishly aware of weapons with which to combat its ravages. More, he is actually made to use these weapons, sometimes in the face of vehement protests. Incalculable, for example, are the number of lives that might have been saved among the Tatars in the Kazan region, in the years of famine, had the Tatar peasantry ever been spurred as it is now into gardening and fruit-growing. I could fill every page of this magazine with incidents of how peasants in various parts of the country have saved themselves from catastrophe by the application of measures that the agronom had proposed and often enough had to enforce. Loudly and continuously the notion is being drummed into them that they must coax along nature, fight it, outwit it, and win their battle. If the cow gives less milk than she should, if the hens lay small eggs or fewer than they should, if the hog does not fatten well or rapidly enough, it might be nature's fault, but it might also be theirs. Indeed, collectivization is giving them no peace. It is keeping up a barrage of demands and challenges from which they cannot flee and which they cannot ignore.

Noteworthy also is the peasant's changed attitude toward the city and city people. In the old days he looked upon them sometimes with dread, sometimes with contempt, sometimes with both. What did he want of city people? They were different. They cheated and oppressed him and acted superior and did not often condescend to shake hands with him. Then there was war. That, too, came from the city. He hated war. He did not want to hurt anyone. He did not even want to leave his village. But he was helpless. He had to go. War was like the spring floods and the smallpox—a part of the inexorable scheme of things.

The new intellectual life in the village is only intensifying the process of recreation and regeneration. Here is the village of Boborovo, in the Kursk region. In the old days it had only a parish school and not one university student. Now 22 of its young people are in the university, 800 are in the elementary and middle schools, 263 men and women borrow books in the public library and 329 receive newspapers and magazines. And Boborovo is only an average village, and not in an outstandingly progressive province.

In the old days the priest, the school teacher, the doctor, the surveyor, the agronom, were the backbone of the rural intelligentsia, though it must be remembered that there were thousands of villages that had neither priest nor school teacher nor doctor nor surveyor nor agronom. Now there is hardly a village that has not its own intelligentsia, not only college students but college graduates. Herdsmen, milk maids, bee men, the caretakers of swine and horses, subscribe to magazines and attend courses of lectures on subjects that are directly related to their jobs, and they are swelling the ranks of the rural intelligentsia. The little theatre performs the plays not only of propagandist Soviet writers, but of Gorky, Chekhov, Tolstoy, Schiller, Dreiser and even Shakespeare. Now hardly a collective but has a choir with a director that prepares

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concerts for its own and other audiences. The choir in the village of Reshitilovka, made up of girls who had never been in any city, journeyed last winter to Moscow to participate in a national choral competition and walked off with the first award of 10,000 rubles. Now the musical instruments are no longer the accordion, the violin, the guitar, the mandolin and the inevitable drum. Now the flute has come and the clarinet and the cornet and other brass instruments, and sometimes the piano. The phonograph like the radio is no novelty or luxury any more. Now during the long winter months there are classes for everybody, the youngest and the oldest, in reading, in writing, in arithmetic, in literature, in science, and professional lecturers, writers, recitalists come frequently and stay for days, perhaps a whole week at a time and entertain and enlighten the crowds that assemble in the clubhouse. Now in spite of all its shortcomings, chief of which are the stupidities and brutalities of the bureaucracy, the collectives hum and roar with a curiosity and an aspiration in which the muzhik as such no longer has any place.

MAURICE HINDUS.

Pennsylvania Under Earle

RIGHT out in the front of the political scene stands Governor George Earle of Pennsylvania, ranked by the "inside" talk as a leading candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination for 1940. He has been the man on the cover of Time, he has rescued a little dog from drowning, he has sailed for a quiet vacation in Europe, and he has denied (by naming President Roosevelt as his unqualified choice) that he has given the White House any serious consideration as a nice place to live. All of these acts, and a great many more he has performed, are certainly the right way for a presidential candidate to behave. It gets your name in the papers and it gives you a strong position in the consciousness of the people, but it doesn't prove anything about your presidential capabilities.

George Earle has done a lot of things in his comparatively short political career that do throw light upon his qualifications as a politician and a statesman. Many of them have been crowded into his unbelievably busy past two years as Governor of Pennsylvania. But the slow work of pushing bills through a state legislature doesn't rate the newspaper attention that goes to a declaration of martial law that shuts down the Cambria plant of the Bethlehem Steel corporation, just for example, and as a result most of what is known about George Earle is the least important evidence his record has to offer. That is one reason why I went to Harrisburg to find out what he has really accomplished. Some of the information I got from Governor Earle himself, large and slow-moving with small, wide-set eyes hidden under sleepy eyelids. He would never be cast as a Governor on a Hollywood movie lot because his appearance is pretty unprepossessing. The majority of my material, however, was given to me by Earle's close aides in the State House, his personal secretaries and political advisers, with whom I talked in the elaborately unfriendly atmosphere of the Governor's chambers, surrounded by dark oak carving and somber murals of the Early History of Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania legislature with Earle in office has passed an amazingly long list of bills and, on the whole, a good list. It is important to remember that Pennsylvania, the second largest industrial state in the Union and with a tradition of rock-ribbed Republicanism that rivals (or at least used to rival) Maine and Vermont, still had many conservative members in her State Senate and House when Earle helped to place Pennsylvania in the Democratic column last fall. When Earle took office on January 1, 1935, the legislature he had to work with was far less receptive to his ideas and legislative program than it is now. Partly, of course, that is because the proportion of "progressive" Democrats in the Pennsylvania legislature has increased. Partly, I suspect, it is because the Pennsylvania legislators are coming to realize that Earle is something of a political power and that his may be the bandwagon where the smart ones will be looking for a seat.

Whatever has made it possible, here is the legislative program, or at least a sizable slice of it, that is now the law in Pennsylvania:

Labor, the Cops and the Injunction.—The backbone of the Pennsylvania law in this field is the "baby Wagner Act" which does for industries operating only in Pennsylvania what the national law does for interstate commerce. With this exception, the terms and even the language of the two acts are identical; this one protects the "right of employees to organize and bargain collectively . . . free from the interference, restraint or coercion of their employers." To administer the law a Pennsylvania Labor Relations Board of three members has been set up and vested with due authority.

Private company police, who have played such a notorious role in the state's labor history, are specifically outlawed in a deputy-sheriff and peace-officer act which prohibits the payment of public officers by private persons or corporations. Deputy sheriffs must in the future be chosen from a published list of persons who have sworn that they have been residents in the county for at least two years,

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that they have no criminal record and that during the two years they have neither acted nor sought employment as private police officers in labor disputes. With the new statute in effect, the business of strikebreaking in Pennsylvania has become extremely unprofitable.

There is a Pennsylvania labor-mediation act which was designed as a companion to the little Wagner Law. Voluntary mediation is provided by a representative of the Secretary of the Department of Labor and Industry, or by a panel of members for a commission to suggest a settlement in the disputes arising over questions of wages, hours and conditions of employment. Nothing in this act, of course, interferes with the right of the employees to strike or engage in "other concerted activities."

In order to obtain an injunction in a labor dispute there must first be an open hearing with an opportunity for defense, and the complainant must give adequate security to recompense those injured for loss and for costs where the court denies the relief, and is further subject to suit. If the complainant has not complied with the labor dispute law or with public policy, or if he has not made every reasonable effort to settle the dispute, or if he has hired strikebreakers in the dispute, the injunction cannot be granted. With honest administration of the law, the unfair use of the weapon of injunction by employers, which has so long been a source of injustice, should come to an end.

Since December 5, 1936, an unemployment compensation law has been in effect which establishes a fund from employers' contributions, based on a payroll tax, from which unemployed workers may draw benefits after they have been out of work for three weeks. The benefits range from $7.50 to $15 a week for a maximum of thirteen weeks, and they will begin on January 1, 1938, when the payroll tax (which has been gradually increasing) will have reached a stable figure of a little less than three percent. There are also accident and sickness compensation, including care for special types of industrial disease, a general forty-four-hour week, a minimum-fair-wage law for women and minors and a general-safety act (requiring the elimination of dangerous and unhealthy working conditions) which run to more detail than there is space to give them. The program for social security leaves a great deal of room for improvement, but it nevertheless amounts to a near-revolution for conservative Pennsylvania.

Poor-Board Relief Is Out.—The relief problem has received thoughtful attention, largely in the Goodrich relief plan, which the Governor pushed through in the approximate form in which it was proposed. This plan creates a state department of public assistance, with full cabinet ranking and decentralizes the relief authority in non-salaried county Boards of Assistance. Probably most important is the abolition of the poor-board system, which has for years been in charge of the administration of relief and has been renowned for its corruption and incompetency. Relief funds, by the terms of the new law, come from statewide instead of local taxation (which was mostly on real estate) in order to make more equitable the burden of caring for the poor. Public relief in Pennsylvania is a very important question, and its size has been growing with steady rapidity ever since 1929. In that year public and private contributions were about the same size and the total amount of relief in the twelve urban centers of Pennsylvania was a little over three million dollars. Last year in these same areas $121,686,000 was spent for relief and out of this amount private contributions accounted for only $881,000. This year, with the cut in WPA expenditures, the burden has become even heavier. I don't think you can say with confidence that the unemployment problem is being adequately handled anywhere in the United States, if you assume that "adequate handling" means that no one goes hungry, ill-clothed or without shelter. At least you can say for Pennsylvania that it has cast off the old system of relief, which was dissipating what resources were available, that it has initiated an efficient new administrative organization, and that it is taking upon its own shoulders a good measure of the financial responsibility for relief.

Pennsylvania has set up a Bureau of Civil Liberties under the state department; the first time any state has provided such an agency. It is neither big nor powerful, but it is an important idea in state government. It has only been in operation since the middle of June, so it is still too early to say whether it will remain just an idea or develop into an important administrative body as well. The only real weapon of the Civil Liberties Bureau is publicity. The act vests in the state department the right to make public information relating to violations of civil rights, and to refer cases to appropriate civil groups as, for example, the American Civil Liberties Union, the International Labor Defense or the Democratic Lawyers' Committee. Publicity as a single weapon in the fight for civil liberty is certainly inadequate, especially since the other side is using the same weapon to better advantage and on a bigger scale. However, it is better than nothing.

Calipering the Public-Utility Snake.—Earle's public-utility law is one of the best things he has done and, along with his chain-store tax, has received the most widespread public attention of any of his legislation. It is quite a simple law and a drastic one. As The New Republic pointed out last week, in its general outline it makes possible the fixing of temporary rates for public-utility service whenever the going rates appear to the Pennsylvania public-utility commission to be too high. The rates as adjusted are effective immediately, and the burden of proof is then on the utility to show that the altered scale of prices is too low. A fair rate, according to the commission's criteria, is one which will yield profits to the company (not less than five percent), such profits to be computed on the value of the "used

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and useful" fixed assets of the company available for the service of the public.

It is possible for the commission to set these temporary rates as frequently as every month if necessary, and on that account the process has been neatly compared to measuring with a pair of Vernier calipers a snake (the profits of the company), whose width represents the rate of profit and whose length represents a year's time divided into twelve segments. The aim is to attain a thin but healthy snake that never forces apart the points of the calipers, or if it does, to lop off excess width—*i.e.*, profit—with a rate adjustment.

In order to obtain the data necessary to this process of keeping utility rates at a reasonable level the commission is empowered to inspect the books and records of the companies under its jurisdiction. It may establish a system of accounts to be kept by the utilities and can regulate the budgets of expenditures of all utilities with the exception of common carriers. There is no doubt that the public-utility law will bring down upon its own head all sorts of invective, largely because it is a workable means of rate regulation and an innovation for Pennsylvania. The chief question that remains is whether the courts will have the courage to uphold it in the legal tests that are certain to come.

The chain-store tax falls into a much more unfortunate category, because it seems to have no economic justification for its being. It is a tax which applies to all retail stores in Pennsylvania, but is so steeply graduated according to the number of stores under the same management that it affects seriously only two groups, the Atlantic and Pacific and the American Stores chains. The reasons behind the law are hidden in a mass of malicious (for the most part) gossip and rumor, but whatever they may be, the act seems to me based on a mistaken idea: that bigness is in itself an evil. It is hard on the small retailer to have to compete with the resources and abilities of a national organization. It is also possible that the competitive methods of the chain stores are unfair when they are judged on an ethical idea of "fair competition." But their major weapons are low prices and attractive stores and, by furnishing these, they offer the public, on the whole, a desirable service.

There are a sizable number of other taxes aimed at the riches of big corporations as well, and most of them seem a good deal more justifiable than the tax on retail stores. The manufacturing interests in Pennsylvania, the steel companies, oil, and the Pennsylvania railroads have for a long time maintained powerful lobbyists in Harrisburg who have protected their sponsors from a great deal of legitimate taxation. The lobbyists are still there but they are not doing so well. The legislature has passed a seven-percent corporation tax and a tax of four-tenths of one percent on personal property. The large corporations have threatened to leave Philadelphia and make New Jersey their new home, but so far as one can see, they have accomplished nothing toward abolishing the taxes that affect them.

More Legislation, and the Gist.—The list of legislation goes on much longer. There is a law that does for agriculture what the original Tugwell pure-food-and-drug bill tried to do within its field. A permanent milk-control law writes into the state statute books the essence of the dead NRA code for the milk industry. There is a model soil-conservation act which is part of the federal program of flood and erosion control, a group-hospitalization scheme and a greatly enlarged plan for taking care of those committed to public sanatoria. And there are quite a few bills that got lost in the course of debate even though they had the backing of the Governor.

As is only natural, I have talked most about the parts of Pennsylvania's legislation which seem most attractive, but by and large the program strikes me as a good one and I think that any progressive person would agree with my judgment. The failings of the laws in almost every case are in their scope and not in their direction. You can say with justification that the specific law does not go far enough and that its effectiveness may be destroyed by the loopholes it leaves, but it is hard to say in more than one or two cases that the act has started off on the wrong foot altogether. And where a bill falls short of the desirable limit the fault is often, it seems clear, not Earle's, but that of the men with whom he has had to work. It is a good record for a presidential candidate to have behind him. Just when you are thinking what a fortunate thing this is for George Earle you remember his words, ". . . I'm getting weary of these questions about my candidacy in 1940. Nearly everything I do is falsely attributed to personal ambition. . . . I am for Franklin Roosevelt for President in 1940, unqualifiedly and finally." But if Roosevelt doesn't run?

BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

Preface

For a German Jewess with child

Of song no word, not any word;
Not even one gold feather of a wing
Analogous to song; no island bird
Bright in the sun (nor sun) to perch and sing
On the heart string.
Nor sun, nor song, nor bird,
Nor word to sing,
Nor anything.

Of sound one word, one brash word blacked
Fast in the feathers of a songless stain:
An arrowy raven caws malicious fact
Straight through the leaden spherules of the rain,
Sure to the brain.
And shadowy wings protract
Their sullen stain,
Hang and remain.

LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY.

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Not in the Cables

I: Where British Labor Stands

THOSE elements in Great Britain which supported the Labor Party with fingers crossed wondering if that organization would ever stir out of its apathy, were cheered by a recent decision of its national executive committee. That body now recommends that representatives on the national executive shall henceforth be elected by the constituency labor parties through their delegates to the annual conference. With this decision the leftist groups win a partial victory over the trade-union elements that now control the Labor Party.

It must be remembered that the Labor Party is not a strongly centralized political machine but consists of a large number of federated organizations. Technically speaking one is not a member of the Labor Party. One belongs to the Party through one's union, one's socialist group or other local political organization.

The trade unions determine the entire composition of the party's central body, since their voting strength is about 1,900,000 as against 419,000 of the constituency parties and 45,000 of the socialist and other groups. It is confidently expected that this year's conference at Bournemouth will endorse the new policy. It is true that it does not touch the essential feature of trade-union control, but at least the local parties will now have an even chance of placing their own people on the national executive committee.

I discussed party tactics at length with Sir Stafford Cripps, leader of the Labor Left, who was solicitor general in both Labor Party cabinets. Sir Stafford sees in this move the beginning of a more vigorous party policy. He was an active member of the Independent Labor Party until that body followed Maxton out of the Labor Party, a policy with which he thoroughly disagreed. He felt that the essential thing was to remain within the mass political organization, and he organized the Socialist League to carry this work forward. Far in advance of the central organization, the League recognized the need for unity and was largely instrumental in bringing the Communists and the ILP together. Against the opposition of such irreconcilables as Ernest Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine, he laid the foundation for a unity campaign which has found expression in large meetings in every part of England, in the organization of over a hundred local councils and in a general stiffening of working-class action throughout the British Isles.

When the executive committee of the Labor Party threatened to expel the League for coöperating with Communists, Sir Stafford made the best of the situation and the organization was dissolved. The fight is not yet over. Laborites who spoke together with Communists at unity meetings are still under a cloud, though they have agreed to suspend all such activity for the time being.

The question of the united front is sure to bring about another lively discussion at the Labor Party conference. An earnest effort will be made to persuade the delegates to revoke last year's decision forbidding any steps in that direction. Some forty regular Labor Party candidates are working with the ILP and the Communists for unity and their Labor Party status will be endangered if last year's resolution is upheld. The demand for united-front action is becoming more and more articulate, several union conventions having recently passed favorable resolutions. The war in Spain is arousing the English masses; meetings are overcrowded, donations are surprisingly large and everybody realizes that it was united work on an extremely wide front which made this possible.

The Communist movement is making headway. The workers prefer that party's disciplined and vigorous policy to the flabby inaction of the Laborites. They are not particularly interested in the Trotsky conflict and its nice points. They want a positive policy. They are against the negative position of the Labor Party. Labor's leaders had better keep a watchful eye on their flock.

London. LUDWIG LORE.

II: Stress and Strain in Canada

THE RETURN of the Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, to Canada after attending the Coronation and the Imperial Conference has served to bring to the surface a question that underlies and may yet overshadow all others in Dominion politics. That is the question of what Canada would do in the next major war involving the British Empire. On the answer to that question may perhaps depend the existence of Canada as a united nation.

Canada entered the last war without hesitation. There were no disorders, and no bitter racial and sectional divisions until the issue of conscription was raised in 1917. But from that time until the present, the divisions then created have been powerful factors in national politics. French-Canadian Quebec almost rose in arms against the conscription of her sons for a European war, and English-speaking Canada, even ultra-British Ontario, was not without its difficulties.

The quarter of a century that is passing has made Canada a very different nation in terms of racial composition, national self-consciousness and North Americanism. The loyalty to the British Empire re-

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mains, but it is a different loyalty and would probably not express itself in the "ready, aye, ready" terms of 1914. Indeed there are not a few competent and cold observers who fear war, not only for what it is, but because the decision to participate or not participate might well lead to divisions that could not be healed and stretch to the breaking point the bonds, not only between the Dominion and the mother country, but between province and province.

The position the Liberal government has taken in the last eighteen months is designed to avoid facing now the decision between participation and non-participation. It is a position which resolves nothing. but which soothes at least the moderate isolationists and moderate imperialists.

Political maneuvers in some of the provinces add to the difficulty. In Quebec the party in power is avowedly "corporatist," virulently nationalist and pretends to the ideal of a separate French-speaking, Catholic nation on the St. Lawrence. The French press is outspokenly friendly to the Franco "nationalists" in Spain, and even more strongly anti-socialist and anti-communist. Premier Maurice Duplessis has repeatedly threatened civil liberties, most recently by enacting a padlock law against "communism" which neither defines the term nor provides for appeals. Strongly Catholic, corporatist in the Dollfuss if not the Mussolini Fascist sense, and shot through with an aroused racial sentiment, the dominant opinion in Quebec would present no mean test for any Canadian leader, even one so adept as Mr. King, should an "ideological" war break out in Europe.

In Ontario the immediate political issue is the CIO, and this issue will provide most of the thunder and lightning in the provincial election expected this autumn. The CIO had early and remarkable successes in Ontario and on the occasion of the General Motors strike in Oshawa was seized upon by the Liberal premier, M. F. Hepburn, as a useful bogey to cement his alliance with the employers, especially the northern mine owners. Mr. Hepburn leapt into the Oshawa strike with frantic zeal and spared little but open violence to encompass the defeat of the workers. He signally failed; the UAWA won the strike. The CIO's drive continued, stimulated rather than stemmed, and it now claims 60,000 members against the 125,000 in the A.F. of L.

The uplifted hand has not been used in the western provinces nor has the CIO bogey been created; the problem of agriculture, under a drought, and the plight of Premier William Aberhart, wrestling with social credit, are more than sufficient to occupy the public and to minimize even the fateful decision demanded by a possible war abroad. Mr. Aberhart has been two years in office and the promised payment of $25 a month is six months overdue.

The British Columbia elections, which returned not one Social Credit candidate, suggest that the movement in the west is on the wane. But a leader who can dismiss the criticism of an opponent with the assertion, "this is but another thorn in the crown of God, but another nail in the palm of Christ," is not without unusual and unpredictable resources to sustain him in high purposes.

Toronto, Ontario GRAHAM SPRY.

Soviet China

III: *Chinese Communist Industry*

A FEW days northwest of Pao An, on my way to the front, I stopped over to visit Wu Chi Chen, a Soviet "industrial center" of Shensi. Wu Chi Chen was remarkable not for any achievements in industrial science of which Detroit or Manchester need take note—as the reader will soon see—but because it was there at all!

For hundreds of miles around there is only semi-pastoral country, the people live in cave-houses exactly as did their ancestors milleniums ago, many of the farmers still wear queues braided round their heads, and the horse, the ass and the camel are the latest thing in communications. Rape-oil is used for lighting here, candles are a luxury, electricity is unknown, and foreigners as rare as Eskimos in Africa.

In this medieval world it is astonishing suddenly to come upon Soviet factories, and find machines turning, and a colony of workers busily producing the goods and tools of a Red China.

I knew that in Kiangsi the Communists had, despite the enormous handicaps of the lack of a seaport and an enemy blockade which cut them off from contact with any big modern industrial base, built up several prosperous industries. They operated China's richest tungsten mines, for example, annually turning out over 10,000,000 pounds of this precious ore—and secretly sold it to General Chen Chi-t'ang's Kwangtung tungsten monopoly. In the central Soviet printing plant at Kian there were more than 800 workers. Many books and magazines, and a big "national" paper—The Red China Daily News—were published there.

In Kiangsi also were weaving plants, textile mills and machine-shops. Small industries produced sufficient manufactured goods to supply their simple needs. The Reds claim to have had a "foreign export trade" of more than $12,000,000 in 1933, most of which was carried on through adventurous southern merchants, who made enormous profits by running the Kuomintang blockade. The bulk of

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manufacturing, however, was by handicraft and home industry, the products of which were sold through production coöperatives.

Wu Liang-p'ing, former commissioner of people's economy in Kiangsi, told me that the Soviets had more than 10,000 "production and distribution" coöperatives there, all owned and run by the people. Although this figure is much higher than estimates made by League of Nations investigators, there is no doubt that the Reds were succeeding with this type of collective enterprise. The Kuomintang itself is in fact attempting to copy the Red system in parts of the South, but results thus far suggest that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to operate such coöperatives under a strictly laissez-faire capitalism.

But in the Northwest I had not expected to find any industry at all. Much greater handicaps face the Reds here than in the South, for even the smallest machine industry was almost entirely absent before the soviets were set up. In the whole Northwest, in Shensi, Kansu, Chinghai, Ninghsia and Suiyuan, provinces equal in area nearly to all Europe, the combined machine-industry investment certainly must be considerably less than the plant of one big assembly branch of, for instance, the Ford Motor Company.

The blockade, of course, has cut off the Reds from importing machinery, and from "importing" technicians. Of the latter, however, the Reds say their supply is at present ample. Machinery and raw materials are more serious problems. Battles have been fought by the Red Army just to get a few lathes, weaving machines, engines or scrap iron. Nearly everything they have in the category of machinery just now has been "captured"! During their expedition to Shansi Province last year, for example, they seized machines, tools and raw materials, which were carried by mule all the way across the interminable mountains of Shensi, to their incredible cliff-dwelling factories.

The southern Reds, when they came up to the Northwest, spurred on an "industrial boom." They brought with them (7,000 miles, over some of the world's most difficult routes) many lathes, turning machines, drills, dies, rolling machines, etc. They brought dozens of Singer sewing machines, which now equip their clothing factories, they brought silver and gold from the Red mines in Szechuan, and they brought lithographing blocks and light printing machines. Small wonder that the Reds have respect and affection for ponies and mules, especially those plucky animals that carried their burdens.

Soviet industries included factories for clothing, uniforms, shoes, and paper at Pao An and Holienwan (Kansu), rug factories at Tingpien (on the Great Wall), mines at Yungping which produce the cheapest coal in China and woolen and cotton spinning factories in several *hsien*—all of which have plans to produce enough goods to stock the 400 coöperatives in Red Shensi and Kansu. The aim of the present "industrial program," according to Mao Tse-ming, commissioner of people's economy, is to make Red China "economically self-sufficient"—strong enough to survive despite any blockade.

Biggest and most important of the Soviet state enterprises are the salt-refining plants at Yen Ch'ih, the great salt lake on the Ninghsia border, along the Great Wall; and the oil wells at Yungping and Yen Ch'ang, which produce gasoline, kerosene, vaseline, wax, candles and other by-products. Salt deposits at Yen Ch'ih are the finest in China, and after their capture the Reds won the sympathy of the Mongols north of the Wall by agreeing to turn over part of the production to them, revoking the Kuomintang's practice of monopolizing the entire output. The oil wells in North Shensi are the only ones in China. After seizing Yungping the Reds sank two new wells, and claimed increased production by about 40 percent over any previous period.

But Wu Chi Chen had the biggest concentration of factory workers in the Red districts, and was important as the location of the Reds' main arsenal. And here were the headquarters also of charming Miss Liu Chien-hsien, aged twenty-nine, a former mill-worker of Shanghai, a returned student from Moscow, and now director of the women's department of the Red trade unions.

I stayed three days in Wu Chi Chen, visiting workers in the factories, "inspecting" their working conditions, attending their theater and their political meetings, reading their wall newspapers and their character-books, and just talking. I took part in a basketball game, on a scrub team composed of the "Foreign Office" emissary, Fu Chin Kuei, a young English-speaking college student working in the political department, a Red doctor, a worker, and myself. We challenged the arsenal basketball team, and suffered a humiliating defeat.

The arsenal at Wu Chi Chen, like the Red academy, was housed in a big series of vaulted rooms built into a mountain-side. They were cool, well-ventilated and lighted by a series of shafts sunk at angles in the walls, and had the major advantage of being completely bomb-proof. Here I found over a hundred workers making hand grenades, trench mortars, gunpowder, pistols, small shells and bullets, and even producing a few farming tools. A repair department was engaged in rehabilitating stacks of broken rifles, machine guns, automatic rifles and submachine guns. But the arsenal's output is crude work, and most of its products equip the Red partisans, the regular Red forces being supplied almost entirely with captured guns and munitions.

Besides the arsenal in Wu Chi Chen there were cloth and uniform factories, a shoe factory, a stocking factory and a pharmacy and drug dispensary, with a doctor in attendance. He was a youth just out of a medical training school of Shansi, and his young and pretty wife was with him, as a nurse. Both of them had joined the Reds during the Shansi expedition last winter.

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Except in the arsenal and the uniform factory, most of the workers were young women from eighteen up to twenty-five or thirty. "Equal pay for equal labor" is a slogan of the Chinese Soviets, and there is supposed to be no wage-discrimination against women. Labor appears to get preferential financial treatment over everybody else in the Soviet districts. This includes Red commanders, who receive no regular salary, but only a small living allowance, which varies according to the weights of the treasury.

Miss Liu Chien-hsien described working conditions to me. Factory workers get from $10 to $15 monthly, with board and room furnished by the state. There is an eight-hour day, and a six-day week. When I visited them the factories were running twenty-four hours a day, with three shifts working—probably the busiest plants in China. Workers are guaranteed free medical attention, and compensation for injuries. Women workers get four months' rest with pay during and after pregnancy, and can collect part of their "social insurance." This latter is provided from a fund created by deducting 10 percent of the workers' salaries, to which the government adds an equal amount. The government also contributes the equivalent of two percent of the entire wage output for workers' education, recreation, etc., these funds being managed jointly by the trade unions and the workers' factory committees.

All this sounds very progressive, though perhaps far from a communistic utopia. The fact that these conditions are actually realized, in the midst of the Soviets' struggle for life, is really interesting. How *primitively* they are realized is quite another matter! They have clubs, schools, ample dormitories, all these, certainly—but in cave-houses with earthen floors, no shower baths, no electricity. They are furnished food—but meals consisting of millet, vegetables and sometimes mutton, but no tea, no sugar, no milk, no coffee. They collect their wages and social insurance all right, in Soviet currency, but the articles they can buy with it are strictly limited to necessities—and none too many of those.

"Unbearable!" the average American or English worker would say. But obviously it wasn't, to these people. You have to contrast their life with the system elsewhere in China to understand why. I remembered, for example, the hundreds of factories where little boy and girl slave-workers sit or stand at their tasks twelve or thirteen hours a day, and then drop, in exhausted sleep, to the dirty cotton quilts, their bed, directly beneath their machine. I remember little girls in silk filiatures, and the pale young women in cotton factories—all of them, like most factory contract labor in Shanghai, literally sold into these jobs as virtual slaves for four or five years, unable to leave the heavily guarded, high-walled premises, day or night, without special permission. And I remembered that during 1935 more than 29,000 bodies were picked up from the streets and rivers and canals of Shanghai—bodies of the poor, and the starved or drowned babies or children they could not feed.

Well, for these workers in Wu Chi Chen, however primitive it might be, here was a life at least of good health, exercise, clean mountain air, freedom, dignity and hope, in which there was room for growth. They knew that nobody was making money out of them, I think they felt they were working for themselves and for China, and they said they were *revolutionaries!* In this way I understand why they took so seriously their two hours of daily reading and writing, their political lectures and their dramatic groups, and why they keenly contested for the miserable prizes offered in competitions between groups and individuals in sport, literacy, public health, wall newspapers, "factory efficiency," etc.

All that is hard for any old China-hand like myself to believe, and I am still confused about its ultimate significance, though I cannot deny the evidence I saw. Here space prevents me from presenting that evidence in detail.

But I just happen to remember one striking circumstance as I write. I met an electrical engineer there, a brilliant but very serious-minded Communist named Chu Tse-chih. He knew English and German very well, he was a power expert, and he had written an engineering textbook widely used in China. He had once been with the Shanghai Power Company, and later with Anderson, Meyer and Company. Until recently he had had a practice of $10,000 a year in South China, where he was a consulting engineer and efficiency man, and had given it up and left his family, to come up to these wild dark hills of Shensi, and offer his services to the Reds for nothing. Incredible! The background for this phenomenon was a beloved grandfather, a famous philanthropist of Ningpo, whose deathbed injunction to young Chu had been to "devote his life to raising the cultural standard of the masses." And Chu had decided the quickest method was the communist one.

I think Chu had come into the thing somewhat melodramatically, in the spirit of the martyr and zealot. It was a solemn thing for him, he thought it meant an early death, and he expected everyone else to feel that way. I believe he was a little shocked when he found so much that he considered horse-play going on, and everybody apparently happy. When I asked him how he liked it, he replied gravely that he had but one serious criticism. "These people spend entirely too much time *singing!*" he complained. "This is no time to be singing!"

It seemed to me to sum up a great deal about the youthful bravado of this singular "industrial center" of Soviet Shensi.

Peiping. EDGAR SNOW.

The fourth and concluding article in this series, dealing with the relations between Soviet China and the Comintern, will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

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Washington Notes

Dead-cat Hurlers, Rankin and Nye—Strike at Tupelo Cotton Mills—North Dakota Senator Faces Defeat—Suit Against Ethyl

IN THE recent dead-cat barrage directed against the National Labor Relations Board, the two deadliest carcasses have been those hurled by Representative Rankin and Senator Nye. Both men have the reputation of being liberals, friends of the common voter. Mr. Rankin is leader of the public-power group in the House, and has fought like a lion in defense of the TVA. His home town of Tupelo, Mississippi, is the showplace of the whole TVA area. Mr. Nye's celebrity rests, of course, on the munitions investigation of two years ago, out of which came our present neutrality legislation.

Mr. Rankin's accusations against the NLRB are detailed and clear. He says that agents of the NLRB went into the peaceful, New Deal town of Tupelo, fomented labor troubles and caused the shutting down of Tupelo's main industry. A further charge is that it now refuses to permit the closed factory to be liquidated. Labor-union sources here call these accusations wholly unfair. Three Tupelo corporations have been involved in cases before the NLRB; all three are controlled by a Mr. Rex Reed, who appears to be a considerable figure in the Tupelo community. About six months ago, the workers in one of his properties, the Tupelo Cotton Mills, called a spontaneous strike, apparently under the inspiration of the sit-down fever then sweeping the nation. They formed their own local organization, called the Employees' Majority Committee, and eventually appealed to the regional NLRB at New Orleans to hold an election at the factory. To this Mr. Reed's attorneys gave their consent. The election occurred in April, and the Employees' Majority Committee was victorious. When, however, the strikers presented their demands for increased wages to Mr. Reed, he answered that the decision lay not with him, but with the stockholders. A stockholders' meeting was accordingly summoned, at which it was voted to liquidate the business.

No authentic information about the financial history of the Tupelo Cotton Mills is available here. However, it is a matter of public record that, at the time the NLRB election was held, a leader of the so-called "loyal" workers made a speech in which he said that it was well known that the machinery of the mills was obsolete, and that the company could only operate on a basis of low wages. It is believed here that this is an accurate statement of the facts. But certainly it is no part of the NLRB's duty to keep in existence marginal concerns that can operate only by sweating labor. Neither the workers nor the NLRB—if these facts are correct—closed down the Tupelo Cotton Mills concern. It was closed down by business men too timid to provide the capital needed to permit it to operate with competitive efficiency. It is true, as Mr. Rankin charges, that the NLRB has intervened in the liquidation proceedings. This is a routine step, taken to protect workers who may later be found to have claims against the company.

This is not the whole story. Apparently the strike in the Tupelo Cotton Mills encouraged the workers in another of Mr. Reed's properties, the Tupelo Garment Company, to form a second union. Here Mr. Reed seems to have turned on his workers swiftly and decisively. Eight of his workers, at any rate, filed complaints with the NLRB at New Orleans, alleging that they had been fired for union activity. A hearing was held on this complaint July 6, and a decision is now pending. This second dispute attracted the attention of the Memphis office of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, and a college-girl organizer was sent to Tupelo. This was the first outside help the Tupelo workers had had, and the authorities promptly, and quite illegally, ordered the girl out of town. Within the last few days, the ILGW has filed a complaint with the NLRB against the third of the Reed enterprises, Reed Brothers Company, alleging union-smashing tactics. As the record now stands, the NLRB has held an election and a hearing in Tupelo, and accepted a complaint from an outside union, all of which it was bound to do under the law. Against this, Tupelo employers have shut down one of the town's industries, and are accused in two other cases of flagrant anti-union activity. There is scarcely another town in the country that has benefitted as much from the New Deal as Tupelo has; it is sad to see it repudiate the New Deal's spirit.

It is impossible to give a detailed answer to the mass of abuse that Mr. Sam Jones, publicity adviser to the Republic Steel Company, put into the mouth of Mr. Nye. In a later attack on the NLRB made in the Senate, Mr. Nye attempted to discuss the Apex Hosiery Mills strike in Philadelphia, but, challenged by Senators Wagner and Schwellenbach, he admitted that he had no direct knowledge of the case and petulantly refused to answer their questions. The likeliest explanation for Mr. Nye's strange conduct is that he has fallen into a desperate funk over his prospects for reëlection next year and, feeling that he has no chance of support from North Dakota farmers, is reaching blindly for aid from anti-union corporations.

Next year, according to reports here, Mr. Nye will have to compete with two of the sharpest-shooting politicians in the United States, Governor Langer of North Dakota, once removed from office for financial irregularities, and Representative Lemke, Father Coughlin's candidate for president a year ago. Which of the two will be candidate for United States Senator apparently is undecided, but it is generally agreed that Mr. Nye has no chance against either one. Governor Langer, incidentally, within the last few days announced an experiment that may have large political consequences. He proposes to buy all North Dakota wheat for which a "fair" price is not offered, paying for it with funds from North Dakota's state-owned bank and storing it in state-owned elevators. This is a program that cuts directly across the administration's general farm bill, and may make endless trouble for Secretary Wallace.

Among the pending anti-trust suits of the Department of Justice is one against the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation. The suit is based primarily on the functioning of the patent agreements made by the corporation, and may be taken as marking a crystallization of administration opinion that patents form an important part of monopoly control. Up

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to a short time ago, the Justice Department tended to look only for forbidden financial alliances; it is now beginning to study both patents and tariffs as breeders of monopoly, which is a long step towards realism. Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward monopoly has been admittely vacillating. In the days of General Johnson and the NRA, price-fixing often appeared to be regarded as a good in itself. Now, under the influence of men like Mr. Robert Jackson and Mr. Leon Henderson, administration opinion is swinging visibly in the other direction. Mr. Roosevelt still shows no sign of contemplating a major attack on monopoly, but many observers think that the expected price increases of next winter will put great pressure upon him to do so.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Circles Around the Throne—Punches for Corcoran and Cohen—Work Done Without Reward —The New Deal Cracks Up Fast

THE Saturday Evening Post has taken a vicious punch at Tom Corcoran and down in Washington the blow has given a great deal of delight to a lot of people. Tom Corcoran and the other member of his team—Ben Cohen—are now feeling the influence of a natural and well-known phenomenon which plays about all thrones. The sovereign sits in the center of a series of circles. Each circle holds its place near to the monarch only by fighting off a savage and ceaseless attack from the circle just beyond it. There is a fierce struggle going on all the time in each circle to shoulder out of its place the one just ahead of it and move that much closer to the source of power. But bitterest and most savage of all is the poisonous abuse which the circle of displaced courtiers pours out upon the ones who displace them.

From the beginning of the Roosevelt episode the group nearest him has been referred to as the Brain Trust. Never was there a cheaper fiction. There was never a brain trust but only that inevitable collection of helpers and advisers and heralds that surrounds and is essential to every important chief. The men who did the chores for Roosevelt in the first days have practically all gone—some to hate him, some to money-getting as a result of their former proximity to the throne, others to eat their hearts out over the brevity of their fleeting day in power. It has been the peculiar misfortune of Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen that the circle they occupied, moving always closer to the center, got there at the end of the first administration and just in time to be a sort of welcoming party to the chickens of the earlier brain trusters as they were coming home to roost.

There has been no end of misconception of the part of these two able citizens in the work of the New Deal. First of all, they never came very near to the White House until before the election of 1936. Before that they went their way industriously and loyally in the preparation of certain legislation and their contacts with the President were through others.

In the second place, their work on legislation has been limited to a small number of bills—but very important ones. First was the securities act of 1933, then the Stock Exchange bill of 1934, then the public-utilities holding-company bill and perhaps one or two others. They had absolutely nothing to do with the NRA, the AAA or the Guffey Act. And one interesting feature of their experience has been that while so much of the President's legislative program was knocked out as unconstitutional, not one of the bills handled by Corcoran and Cohen has been touched. And it is also a singular fact that the measures they have managed have come in for the least denunciation by the angry conservative groups that fight the President. Also, and this is most significant of all, the largest amount of venom spat out in Washington at these two men comes, not from the hard-shelled tories, but from those former New Deal favorites who have lost their place in the first circle and blame Tom Corcoran for their expulsion. Indeed I have every reason to believe that the Saturday Evening Post article was inspired, not by some staunch American trembling over the fate of his country at the hands of the "hot dogs," but by some erstwhile collaborator in the work of ruining the country.

Corcoran and Cohen, of course, had nothing to do with the inception of the Court bill. Senator Wheeler says that Tom Corcoran came to him eight months ago with a court-packing bill. It is certain that Corcoran and Cohen did at some time play with the idea of packing the court. But the Court bill which rocked the country certainly did not originate with them and the peculiar and dishonest plan in it was probably as much a surprise to them when it was announced as to anyone. I say this because I know, as many people in Washington know, that the Court plan was the special and prized conception of the Attorney General. He thought it up all by himself and was so proud of it that he made no effort at first to conceal its paternity. All the newspaper men in Washington know that it was not until the bill was introduced and ran instantly, because of the folly of the plan itself and the ineptness of its introduction, into hot water, that Corcoran and Cohen were called in.

I do not mean that they did not approve it. I have no way of knowing. But they certainly did not start it. But because they were put in charge when the bricks were flying fastest they have come in for most of the bricks.

There are one or two facts about these two men worth keeping in mind. One is that of all the New Dealers they have been content to work without reward—even without the reward of glowing publicity. All or at least most of the former aids of the President have been busy feathering their nests, hunting up prosperous connections for themselves, some of them with the very enemy itself. Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen have stuck on.

It is very obvious that the New Deal is now cracking up pretty fast. No one outside Washington can appreciate the extent and depth of the opposition to the President not only in the Senate but in the House. His power to influence any important legislation is apparently gone, surely for the time being. And most of his trouble is coming from his former champions. Those who wish him ill could serve their ends no more effectively than by driving from his side the few truly loyal aids he has. The number of his natural foes is now greatly augmented by the number of his disappointed servitors. There is nothing these groups would more like to see at this moment than the expulsion of Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen from the favored circle.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Definitive Webster

The Complete Works of John Webster, edited by F. L. Lucas. New York: The Oxford University Press. Four volumes, 1296 pages. $10.50.

IT IS now almost a century since the first complete edition of Webster, that of Dyce, appeared; and the present editor says modestly that "if this one serves half as long, it will have achieved its end." There could be small reason why it should not do so. The four volumes are admirably presented; the notes are full to overflowing; the text and bibliography are delivered with a care and scholarship that puts the whole work out of class with anything that has gone before. The edition is exhaustive except for plays like "Sir Thomas Wyat," "Westward Ho!" and "Northward Ho!" in which Webster's collaboration with Dekker is regarded, very wisely it seems to me, as minor enough to warrant their place in an edition of Dekker rather than here. In the case of other works, two that recent scholarship assigns largely to Webster are printed but in smaller type, and others doubtful or spurious are accounted for in an appendix.

Some interesting results appear through retaining so far as may be comfortable for the modern reader the original punctuation. Elizabethan punctuation was once thought to be a mere arbitrary madness. It has lately been shown to have had a definite system of stopping, and a good one. It was based on pauses rather than clauses, and was addressed primarily to the ear. It regulated first of all the line's elocution.

On the other hand, following what he says is becoming more and more customary, Mr. Lucas retains, except where change is needed to avoid ambiguity, the original spelling. It is impossible, he declares, "to turn from one of the charming original Quartos of Shakespeare or Webster to a modernized text without feeling, as in the presence of a restored and scraped medieval building, that something essential and living has been pared and smoothed away with that rugged, arbitrary, capricious 'orthographie' of Jacobean England. Its 'wild civility' suits it so well. The spelling may often be, as there is reason to think, more the compositor's than the author's; but it is in keeping, and it has an unruly vitality which our stereotyped correctitude has lost. It is the difference between a modern town, planned in rectangular deserts, and a medieval labyrinth of lanes. . . . But it remains very typical of the wayward mentality of an age whose spiritual difference from our own we neither can nor should forget."

That seems to me the most pernicious nonsense, as well as being very wobbly esthetics. Literature and architecture employ, obviously, two mediums essentially different; and I blush to have to mention even casually the fact that words are for the most part mere symbols that represent, where architectural form is nonrepresentational and abstract. For those moments when we respond to "Hamlet" as great art, what a silly idea that of the charming old Quarto is! Why not go the whole hog and say that to see "Hamlet" performed we should, after having passed a month without bathing, stand in a puddle of straw and spit? And the labyrinth of lanes and the wayward mentality! Alas, I am afraid it is this sort of special, shallow vanity and arbitrariness that an established work of art has to survive, if survive it can, for a living place in the world. For my part this kind of thing is enough to make me distrust whole-cloth whatever critical opinion, outside mere research, the editor may express—and it is voluminous enough—in the preface and notes for the four volumes. "The apoplexie, cathar, or cough o'th loongs" is better suited to ye famous olde gifte shoppe than to a celebrated death scene.

As for Webster and the two tragedies in which he would seem to have surpassed his other efforts to an extent bewildering to all students of him whatsoever, we should gain nothing by going into renewed evaluations. In his own epoch his eminence was never great, and the eighteenth century all but forgot him; only the Romantic Revival took up his cause and began to speak of him as crowding Marlowe or Jonson for the place on Shakespeare's right. Outside of Aeschylus, Dante and Shakespeare, there were no such passages as some of Webster's for Swinburne, to take one of many—Lamb among them—burning advocates. Against them, also among many, are Shaw with his deadly "Tussaud laureate," and William Archer's "Ramshackle looseness of structure and barbarous violence of effect . . . hideous cacophanies, neither verse nor prose. . . . Bedlam broke-loose . . . poor Webster!"

Such attitudes plainly irritate Mr. Lucas. He has, of course, only to point out Mr. Shaw's conception of the relation of ideas to art and their expression in art, to show what such a man very definitely has missed in Shakespeare and might very possibly miss in Webster, and to point out how all sense of dramatic speech is lacking in Archer's translation of Ibsen, a still-born stage medium by which even the great powers of this dramatist have been able but partially to maintain him in English. Yet Mr. Lucas does nothing of the kind. He merely pursues his introduction, thirty full pages which, the numberless quotations excepted, are mere admirability, loquacity, elevation and entrenched wind. (Not that Webster is any idol of mine.)

In regard to the commentaries, with their personal and impersonal, esthetic and erudite contents, I must ask the indulgence of another article some day soon. But as to the introduction that the editor has written for this definitive edition of Webster, it would seem worth while to establish one point. We are accustomed to hear, in universities especially, that these English scholars write so much better than do ours here in America; they have a so much more all-around culture; they refer and quote et cetera so much more widely . . . and so forth and so on . . . polish . . . finish . . . and the rest of it—we all know the tale. We need not just here get into a discussion of English education, culture, tradition—so far as I am concerned, I confess, if I may be personal for a moment, that it is the kind of culture I was brought up to seek and, in so far as I understand any at all, the only kind I understand. Nor need we be led just here to consider that wide and gracious culture and learning of certain great English scholars. What we need to do is to distinguish the point that images, figures of speech, smooth rhythms, and pieties, and literary allusions, and revelations of personal enthusiasms in the region of ethics and education, are not necessarily of any real point or value. It would be a wholesome exercise, therefore, to go through Mr. Lucas' essay on Webster,

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noting a few out of many such instances: "It is not only Webster who is kindled to his highest by this sombre splendor of death, seen as a great sunset casting its last light across a desolate world and closing in kindlier darkness a wasted day. Then indeed for a moment the cloud-wrack glitters like gold, though the gold be but a cloud." . . . "'This place is Hell,' comes Vittoria's own echoing cry. And the consolation? None but the gallant splendor, the ironic laughter of a humanity that is braver and cleverer than the blind Universe which drags it down. . . ." There are thirty more lines of this; the Valley of Gehinnom being mentioned, the eternal Church, the devils in their livery of flame, the Muse of Tragedy, Prometheus on Caucasus, or Capeneus on the wall of seven-gated Thebes, or Faust in his study, or Macbeth on the wall of Dunsinane, or Dante and his Farinata degli Uberti, while we know that "even in Heaven among the meek and the poor in spirit the Duchess of Malfi would have been 'Duchess of Malfi still'." . . . In such things lies Webster's claim to greatness, "not simply in . . . but . . . in the light of poetry and the darkness of a great despair."

I trust the point is clear. This is the kind of stuff that students and wives have to listen to. Thinking it over and of poor John Webster and his name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, I feel in divers ways about it all. Taking it with humor's salt, I remember the criminal in Montaigne who told the hangman not to touch his throat lest he should swoon with laughing, because he was so ticklish. Or there is the old recipe quoted in Mr. Lucas' notes, from Cogan's "Haven of Health," which tells how to your own mess of red cock, bruised bones, herbs and so on, you may "put in certaine peeces of gold," simmering it twelve hours and then straining—your mess will be the better and the gold pieces never the worse. Or there is, too, that sentiment, virtually a wheeze, whose constant echo among the Elizabethans Mr. Lucas lists in part, where Seneca says that shallow griefs speak—*Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent*—the deep are dumb.

STARK YOUNG.

Bring Them Back Alive

"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA" is one more of the mature jobs Hollywood has turned out, pretty much against the best expectations. Along with "Louis Pasteur" (same company, director, star) it ought to start a new category: the Warners' crusading films, costume division. Of the two, "Zola" is nearer to being a well made picture. But both suffer from a difficulty peculiar to their type of story: they must stretch the play to include all the historical facts possible, thus forestalling cranks and throwing a bone to all proud literates (indeed, discussion of the value of such pictures almost always centers on the, shall we say, fidelity frequency); yet the facts themselves are often such obstacles to dramatic structure as to require the best part of a film's energy merely in circumventing them. Even here, where history has provided such fine natural drama, the continuity is in some ways scattered and bumpy, some of the interrelations stretching a bit thin. The sloppy manipulation of history is never excusable, but neither does a good picture inevitably result from photographing happenings just because they happened. Once the solid human truth is grasped, the play should become the thing.

At any rate, "The Life of Emile Zola" is important above other things as being a further incorporation of pretty solid home truths into the frivolous movie, and it is certainly good to see Hollywood discovering that it can make the actual people of history as exciting in a general way as their costumes. Though they probably would not have splurged on Zola if they had not had the Dreyfus case for their real drama, the using of this national conflict as the expression of one man's career was as full of technical difficulty as it was rewarding in the end.

Zola is certainly no easy subject to tackle for any purpose, being one of those cases where none can say at what point the writer left off and the campaigning public figure began, being at once a force in his own time and a prophetic voice beyond it. For dramatic purposes the problem is even stiffer. The actual business of writing is a slow concealed process that has always laughed at plotsmiths, for no matter how seasoned and literate the authors, stage or screen, when a writer is to be shown writing they begin to bog down in a mixture of self-consciousness, awed mumbo-jumbo and anticipation of what the public thinks a writer ought to look like (yes, but where did the public get it from?).

"Zola" handles the problem in an unpretentious and pretty good way, sketching in the author's special background and leanings at the start, later showing him as he absorbs the life around him at three or four points, showing him as he comes upon the story of "Nana," as he comes upon the General Staff, the bureaucracy of France. The personal side is in it too, and the working out of his first success is as touching and lovely as it should be. Much later there is the shrewd device for putting over "J'Accuse"—he has just finished the tract and brought it before his friends at the publisher's office; it represents a dangerous decision and involves powerful forces, and he is still full of it and mad as hell, and why shouldn't he read it out word for word and make the paragraphs blast, for it is dynamite and he is glad of it. And toward the end I think you get the effect of things never seen by the eye, this burning spirit and onward drive of the work, we have only just begun to fight, etc.

This picture treats its material with honest dignity and restraint, having seen its duty and done it. From what can be observed of its few imaginative flights—the device of book following book onto the table, the close-up on newspaper headlines that is simply today's heir to yesterday's came-the-dawn title mat—it appears just as well they stuck to business. There are directors and cutters who could have made a more fluid and striking job of it—Zola walking the streets in that first part, hands in his pockets and the shrewd eyes in his head, just walking through a series of backgrounds against the wind or in the shade, at morning and night, and what he saw would not be the planted incidents of this treatment but the unobtrusive life of another city like New York as he walked down Delancey and up Lenox Avenue and across Fifty-second and up and down the ferry, the mere rhythm of this pacing motion building up into its own effect as it is intercut with the progressive scenes of the story. And the ending might have been done so well (Paris, Paris, the city he loved, all through the story, yet they couldn't take the tip), with funeral services and the

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sound of bells gradually shutting out the words of tribute and prophecy, and up to the place where the bells are and slowly out over the city from there, Paris, the eternal scene fading as naturally as the land from a ship's departure. (And don't say the muggs won't get it: the muggs have and will again, the real muggs being those who figure it would be something tasty to run five hundred feet beyond the end with ceremonies and talk, while audiences fidget.)

There must have been a thousand headaches in getting up the material and manner of treatment, but the final impression is one of boldness and triumph. The story sails right through the early troubles and later successes and, when this much has been established, makes no bones about breaking off and starting over with the affairs of the General Staff (the transition device is good, the camera receding over the licks of flame in the fireplace as Zola is comfortable with speculation on the mischance abroad in the land, and advancing again on a man at a door, the name on the brass nameplate: ESTERHAZY). Zola goes to the background while the story of Dreyfus is told; then Dreyfus in turn becomes merely a Case, and must be kept in the story by an occasional far-fetching shot of him aging on Devil's Island. It makes dangerous dramatics, and it is a wonder they bring it off at all, let alone keep the suspense high and the central idea mounting. Actions gather together and the Zola trial is held, and as justice is raped and truth lies bleeding the issues get over to the audience pretty hard. Trial scenes are naturals for the movies, and while this one is not handled in the staccato emphasis of the best styles, it carries along on a slow powerful swell—not just the personalities and the mob outside but the whole weight of machinery and fustian and snide incompetence—having so much behind it that Paul Muni can stand up at the end and read off a speech, choosing his words and pauses, that would have been top-heavy almost anywhere else, but is here just what the audience ordered.

In addition to all the rest that went into it—William Dieterle's direction, the screen play, research, set construction, etc.—the film is happy in its actors, solid character people like Donald Crisp, Henry O'Neill, Joseph Schildkraut (particularly) and many more I don't know. As Zola, Muni is in one of his best parts. That final speech, not to mention the other extended readings from the Master, calls for the utmost in the way of actor's business if it is going to become more than printed rhetoric; but beyond technique and the studied idiosyncrasies of character there is the feeling he has maintained through the picture of assurance and worth, dignity and depth and large feeling, so that there is never the question: Will he put it over? and never the distraction from essential emotions of wondering if that anger isn't just a shade rant, that confidence bluster.

It isn't this business of stopping to be Someone and becoming Someone Else; we didn't know Zola anyway. The point is that he goes beyond the lines to create, work up, ad lib a figure of a man large enough to hold whatever kind of man Zola is in our imaginations and was in life. And something like that act of free creation should be the aim of the story as a whole: to get the main facts from history and from there on put everything into the construction of something that moves under its own power, and may have been what happened because it happens plausibly now before your eyes.

OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

It's about time that somebody hauled off and slipped plenty of orchids to Harry M. Taylor and his Oakland Hill colleagues for the glory they brought to Detroit by their expert handling of the National Open golf championship. This town has had so much disgusting notoriety since last January, due to strikes and labor trouble, that our friends from neighboring cities have begun to wonder if Detroit was more than half civilized.

But the Open changed that impression for hundreds of important visitors, who doubtless went home and spread the glad tidings that Deroit has some merit after all.—*From an editorial item in The Detroit Athletic Club News.*

A Spanish priest said today that Alaskan missionaries never should mention hell to Eskimos because the natives might decide they would want to go there to keep warm. "The first preachers told the Eskimos about hell, but the natives expressed a desire to go there to keep warm and to keep from hauling wood," Father Segundo Llorento said.—*News item from Anchorage, Alaska, published in The New York Times.*

"It would be far better to permit a pair of trousers to fall than to break the sacred law," the Magistrate ruled today in finding Philip Speeser of Brooklyn guilty of selling a pair of suspenders on Sunday to a customer in a drygoods store.—*Magistrate Mark Rudich, of New York City, quoted in a dispatch to the Portland, Ore., Oregonian.*

Wanted: 2 college boys, who look and dress like college boys to be kissed by Heloise Martin in N.T.G. show at Loew's State all week, starting May 6th. $30 per week for each boy.—*From the Want-ad column of The New York World-Telegram.*

LO, THE RECALCITRANT INDIAN

Democracy is a practicable form of government in England because here there is a genuine desire to "give and take." By transferring the forms of democracy to India, we did not thereby make the Indian peoples capable of the same sort of compromise. On the contrary, they remain as recalcitrant as ever.—*From The Morning Post, London.*

TO SAY THE VERY LEAST

Internal regulations—All the guests are recommended to deposit with the Director y Office all valuable articles and jewels, As the Director is not responsible of any loss.

Their is not deduction done in the price of Pension, of meals made out of the Hotel.

The Director beg the passangers, to informe the Office of any Irregularity in the Service.

NOTE.—During the Feast the above prices are overcharged 50%.—*A peacetime notice to English guests, still hanging in a Valencia, Spain, hotel.*

DEFINITIONS OF COMMUNISM: VIII

Communism is the scourge which God permits as a punishment for slack Catholicism.—*Arnold Lunn, quoted in Our Sunday Visitor.*

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A COMMUNICATION

The Rosselli Murders

SIR: Many weeks have passed since that afternoon of June 9 on which Carlo and Nello Rosselli were assassinated in the forest of Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, Normandy. The identity of those who perpetrated the crime is still, and will perhaps remain forever, unknown. But the confusion of the first hasty, fragmentary and uncoördinated investigations is past. It is now possible to put together the ascertained facts and to advance an explanation which seems to meet them best.

Carlo Rosselli went to the health resort of Bagnoles on May 27 to undergo a cure for phlebitis contracted while he was in Spain fighting for the Spanish Government. His brother Nello arrived there from Florence on June 6.

Some person had certainly followed Carlo to Bagnoles and noted his habits, namely that his mornings were employed in undergoing the cure, that he worked in his room till about 5:30 P.M. and then went for a couple of hours' drive around the country in his car. On the homeward run to the hotel in time for dinner he would avoid the heavy traffic of the main road by taking a narrow, unfrequented side road through the forest. This road was thoroughly suitable for an ambuscade.

The assassins were four in number, according to the evidence of a young woman who saw them leaving the scene of the crime. In all probability as Carlo and his brother were returning from their usual evening drive, they found the narrow road blocked by another car, which appeared to have broken down. Carlo, who was at the wheel, must have got out on the off side and Nello on the near side to go to the help of the occupants of the other car. At the moment of alighting Carlo was attacked and stabbed twice, one thrust severing the carotid artery. His death must have been instantaneous. The hand which delivered the blow was that of a professional, skilled in this type of operation. Nello, on the near side, was attacked by the other assassins. These were less skillful. Before finishing him off they wounded him several times as he struggled to defend himself with his bare hands. . . .

It cannot be doubted that the assassins were aiming at Carlo and not at Nello. Nello lived in Italy and abstained from all political activity, while entering into no compromise with fascism. His silent but unyielding attitude closed to him his natural career as a teacher of history. He lived in retirement on his modest private means, devoted to his young wife and children and to his historical studies. . . . He was permitted to leave Italy occasionally for purposes of study. When possible he traveled via France and spent a few days with his brother. . . . The death of Nello is the most poignant feature of this savage crime.

To whose interest was it to have Carlo Rosselli put out of the way? Carlo's wife and friends immediately gave the answer—fascism. The 200,000 people in Paris who took part in or watched the funeral procession of the two brothers clearly were of the same opinion. . . .

Carlo Rosselli was one of the most fearless and active of Mussolini's opponents outside Italy. Of independent means, he devoted his whole time and his tireless energy to the struggle against fascism. . . . *Giustizia e Libertà*, the weekly paper of which he was the editor, gave the fullest and most accurate information obtainable about internal conditions in Italy. On several occasions the paper published Mussolini's secret instructions to the Italian press. . . . In Italy the secret organization *Giustizia e Libertà* provided the greatest number after the Communist of men sentenced by the Fascist Special Tribunal, practically all of them young men of high intellectual and moral caliber.

Whoever had Rosselli murdered might expect that the weekly *Giustizia e Libertà* would be obliged to cease publication when Rosselli's financial contributions were no longer available and that the whole movement which had grown up around Rosselli inside and outside Italy would collapse. Smite the shepherd and the flock will be scattered.

In December, 1935, there appeared among the Italian emigrés in Paris a young man who gave his name as Giuseppe Zanatta and said he had deserted from the Italian fleet rather than fight in the Abyssinian war. On March 2, 1936, he "revealed" to Carlo Rosselli that the wife of a Communist emigré had given him a revolver and twenty-five cartridges and that in the Communist's presence an unknown man had promised him 15,000 lire if he would kill Rosselli. . . . Rosselli got the self-styled Zanatta to put down his "revelation" in writing; the three sheets of paper dated March 11, 1936, were found among Rosselli's papers. The man was told to return next day. The following day Zanatta was subjected in Rosselli's house to a six-hour cross-examination. . . . He finally broke down. "Don't be hard on me," he said; "don't kill me. I'll tell you the truth." He then confessed that he was an agent of the OVRA, the Italian secret police, that he had been sent to Paris with orders to kill Rosselli and that he had to report to an Italian vice-consul in Paris who gave him instructions and money.

During the past year Rosselli had done everything imaginable to rouse the hate of the Fascists to frenzy. Already in July, 1936, as soon as it had become clear that Mussolini was going to intervene in Spain on behalf of Franco, Rosselli in *Giustizia e Libertà* declared that it was the duty of Italian exiles without distinction of party to intervene on behalf of the Spanish government. As a result of his fiery message and his own example, a first column of Italian exiles arrived in Spain at the end of August. During the following months the number of Italian volunteers, some of whom had come straight from Italy, steadily increased. At the battle of Guadalajara in March, 1937, the troops sent by Mussolini for the capture of Madrid found themselves face to face with an international brigade commanded by an Italian exile, Rodolfo Pacciardi. The nucleus consisted of Italian anti-fascists. After a week of fierce fighting Mussolini's troops fled in confusion. One of the chief authors of this defeat was Rosselli. Mussolini tried to conceal the disaster from the Italians. But Rosselli in the *Giustizia e Libertà* of April 23 published the names and photographs of 227 Italians taken prisoner at Guadalajara and had many copies conveyed into Italy.

When one reflects on the exasperation which these things must have roused in the leaders of the Fascist Party in Italy, one need go no further in search of motives that could lead to the murder. . . .

Paris. GAETANO SALVEMINI.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Censorship: Danish Style

SIR: Charts showing the presence or absence of press censorship in various parts of the world invariably list Denmark, along with the rest of Scandinavia, among the lily-whites. This is a pleasant view, but no more than a fiction. For Denmark introduced two or three years ago a very peculiar system of control over the press and, in a general way, over public opinion as well.

It is an unofficial censorship, so mild and subtle as to be almost certain to escape the notice of a foreign observer. It does not affect home politics. Anyone is free to criticize the King, the Constitution, the government or to clamor for a republic, a fascist state, soviets or anarchy. Censorship in Denmark is limited to foreign affairs. It was devised, introduced and is being run by the Foreign Minister, Dr. Peter Munch. It works practically to the benefit of only one country—Nazi Germany.

Persuasion, cajolery, economic and social pressure are the weapons used by the Foreign Minister—never strong-arm methods or direct censorship. Yet the system is remarkably effective. Even the foreign correspondents in Copenhagen are made to feel its force. Articles in foreign newspapers and periodicals that deal with Danish policy in a way not approved by Dr. Munch have developed a curious habit of being "sold out" at newsstands and getting lost in libraries. Theatrical producers and cabaret artists are strictly forbidden to make fun of Hitler, Goering and Company. It would be unjust to hint that Dr. Munch has secretly gone Nazi. The system has gradually developed out of submission to ever-intensified demands and protests from the German legation. Not on any account to displease the good customer and formidable neighbor, Germany, is the *leitmotif* of Danish foreign policy today.

Copenhagen, Denmark. JOACHIM JOESTEN.

The Beacon and Chicago

SIR: In The New Republic of June 9, you were kind enough to give an editorial paragraph to the birth of The Beacon. Six weeks have passed since then, and your readers may be interested in knowing what we have accomplished.

We have enlisted the support of practically every Chicago organization that is working for clean municipal government, ranging from the conservative brokers' and lawyers' City Club to the trade unions and radical groups. We have started a movement for a fusion ticket in the next city elections, representing all civil groups opposed to both the present Kelly-Nash setup and the Republican opposition. We have enlisted the editorial support of such diverse figures as Norman Thomas, James T. Farrell, Paul H. Douglas, Milton Mayer, Harry Thornton Moore and Edwin Lahey. Governor La Follette of Wisconsin has promised to write in a future issue.

It is not too optimistic to say that we may have provided the lever for beneficial social action of all the previously disunited liberal groups for a political, social, and cultural united front against the forces of reaction and corruption in this city.

Chicago, Ill. GRACE V. MILLER, Editorial Secretary.

From John Sommerfield

SIR: I have just received the number of The New Republic with the last instalments of the excerpts from my book "Volunteer in Spain." I should be glad if you would publish this letter, or a note, pointing out the fact that the last section you publish is, in the book, followed by an epilogue (or whatever you like to call it). The reason why I would like this to be brought to the notice of your readers is that the section you publish, if read without the epilogue, gives a completely incorrect idea of my attitude to war. It wouldn't be worth bothering about if it was simply a question of an unconscious misrepresentation of my attitude as an individual; but in this case it might easily seem as if I, as a member of the International Column, had become converted to pacifism as a result of my experiences of war. This, of course, is not the case, because I believe that pure pacifism is not only ineffective but, in a crisis, actually dangerous to the cause of peace. I choose a particularly nasty incident as a "war picture" not to give readers the horrors, but to make them understand not only what war is like, so that an individual who has always hated war can experience it, and still retain his convictions that the only way to end war is to attack its social and economic causes; and in doing so it is almost certain to be necessary to use force.

I don't want to take up any more of your space by restating what I have already said in the last section of my book. Only I would be very glad if you did make it clear that my book doesn't end as might be imagined by your readers.

I was glad to see both your tribute to John Cornford, and his poem. He wrote that in Aragon, and when he came down to the Madrid front he did another which I think was very much better; I don't know if it has been published over here or not.

JOHN SOMMERFIELD.

Bolton, Lancashire, England.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Joseph L. Pierce, of Washington, D. C., offers an addition to the list of urgent legislation that we referred to editorially in our issue of August 4 as needing attention before Congress thinks about adjourning. Mr. Pierce says the anti-lynching bill should be included in any such list.

Robert G. Davies, of Berkeley, California, applauds Walter Duranty's analysis of the background of the Soviet Trials in our issue of July 14. He says the trials do not necessarily indicate any serious weakness in the Soviet structure, for "the great mass of workers are loyal to the existing government."

Representative James M. Mead sends us a copy of a joint resolution he has introduced in Congress (H.J.R.453) calling for an appropriation of $50,000 to establish a committee to study the causes of the growing discrimination against older workers in industry and to suggest a national program of correction.

A. B. Calder writes from Vancouver, B. C., about the appearance of a contribution from Franklin P. Adams in our pages [The New Republic, July 14] and praises F. P. A.'s "wit, humor and apt observations on men, events and literature." . . . Apropos of Harold Laski's article, "Church and State in England," in our issue of July 28, Theodore Schroeder, of Cos Cob, Connecticut, thinks similar entanglements might easily arise in this country.

What's on the Air?

H. V. Kaltenborn, editor and radio commentator, describes from Paris "What I Saw in Rebel Spain." Sunday, August 15, 1:30 P.M., CBS.

Three addresses from the Young Democrats' convention in Indianapolis, Indiana, are broadcast over the NBC networks on Friday, August 20. James Roosevelt speaks 1 to 1:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt discusses women and politics, 2 to 2:15 P.M., NBC-Red Network; and James A. Farley winds up the session, 11:30 P.M. to midnight, NBC-Red Network.

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes describes the workings of his department in one of the series of weekly programs featuring members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet. Friday, August 20, 10:30 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic highlights of the week include Walter Huston playing the title role in "Henry IV," with Walter Connolly as Falstaff in Columbia's Shakespeare cycle, Monday, August 23, 9 to 10 P.M.; and rebroadcasts of concerts at the Salzburg Music Festival conducted by Arturo Toscanini, Tuesday, August 17, 12:30 to 2 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Friday, August 20, 3:40 to 5:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and Monday, August 23, 4:20 to 5:10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Slogans for Utopia

The Conquest of Power: Liberalism, Anarchism, Syndicalism, Socialism, Fascism and Communism, by Albert Weisbord. New York: Covici, Friede. 2 vols., 1208 pages. $7.50.

AFTER a careful reading of these immense volumes, I do not feel certain that I understand the aim they are intended to serve. Mr. Weisbord has worked patiently at the history of ideologies since the English civil wars. In the first volume, he gives us a history of liberalism, of anarchism and of syndicalism, together with an account of the rise and breakdown of socialist democracy. In the second, he deals with fascism and communism. His account of the latter ends with a resounding attack on Stalinism. The whole concludes with a section of some fifty pages on the need of a fourth international, together with an account of the slogans necessary to achieve the victory of communism (*à la* Weisbord) in America.

It is obvious that a great deal of hard work has gone into the making of this book. Though most of it, not unnaturally, is based on second-hand sources, rather than on a knowledge of the texts themselves, the picture that emerges is, up to the period of the War, clear and coherent. I think it is oversimplified, and it would have been improved by greater conciseness. But it does usefully convey the sense of what has been implied in two hundred and fifty years of class struggle. It brings out, often quite admirably, the inherent limitations of doctrines which presented themselves as universals when they were, in fact, particulars masquerading under that appearance. The student who observed certain great events—the French Revolution, for instance—from the angle of the clues with which Weisbord has provided him, would be usefully safeguarded against the bias of ordinary historians. Though I myself take the view that the best way to apply Marxism to history is rather by the actual analysis in detail of the ideas and events of a period than by Mr. Weisbord's method of illustrating at large a canon of which the validity depends on detail and its measurement—the kind of work Mr. Louis Hacker has done so remarkably in his study of the first American revolution—still there is no doubt room for the kind of philosophy-by-example that Mr. Weisbord here offers. I should argue that only too often there is not enough detail in his account to make it really valuable. It is too much a rag-bag of interesting oddments to have coherence and perspective.

I did not find the same interest in the remainder of Mr. Weisbord's work. Though I find myself largely in agreement with his conclusions on social democracy, I do not think his explanation of its failure is really adequate. The problem of why social-democratic parties were content to remain "welfare liberal" parties is not really attacked in any profound way. The issues are much more complicated than Mr. Weisbord makes them; and he is too content with phrases that conceal problems rather than clarify them. This is especially true, to take one example only, of his comparison of the First with the Second International. There is little, either, that is original or arresting in his account of fascism; it is either too short, because of what it fails to do, or too long because its substance is platitudinous.

The section on communism begins with a brief account of early communism and then moves, through the Paris Commune and 1905, to a discussion of 1917. The post-Lenin period is then treated very much in the way that Trotsky has made well known in recent times. There is little here that is new; and perhaps the least controversial way of stating the result is to say that those who, with Mr. Weisbord, believe that Stalin has betrayed the Revolution, will find here, in both the domestic and the international fields, the grounds upon which to uphold that view. It would require too long a discussion to controvert the arguments Mr. Weisbord employs. I can only say that I do not myself find Mr. Weisbord's argument convincing; that, with all its errors and faults, the achievement of the Soviet Union under Stalin seems to me to have been immense, and that, in the main, its foreign policy has been wise. On the other hand, I think he makes out a much stronger case against the policy of the Communist International; and certain phases of its work, notably in China and Great Britain, seem to me to have been dangerously ignorant.

I do not myself draw from this last period Mr. Weisbord's inferences. The first step toward a reinvigoration of the Left seems to me to be the united front; and I should argue that the achievement of this unity must look to the defense of what remains of capitalist democracy as a necessary step to the overthrow of fascism. The "slogans" Mr. Weisbord presents as the basis of his strategy seem to me, in their present form, singularly bare and empty of content. He desires, for instance, a "vigorous struggle against all the outworn forms of European socialism . . . the parliamentarism of the English, and so forth." I should argue, on the contrary, that apart from the special circumstances of war, the capture of Parliament by a united front of Socialists and Communists is the first step of importance to the conquest of power. It would have been helpful if Mr. Weisbord had related his strategy to Lenin's explanation of the conditions of successful revolution. He is anxious "to utilize every form possible by which to move the workers from the old liberal classless ideology to the communist ideology of class struggle." It is an admirable anxiety. But in England is there any better way to its realization than the proof that Parliament is inadequate for socialist tasks? And is there any better way of proving its inadequacy than by the demonstration of its inefficacy in socialist hands? Mr. Weisbord's conclusions seem to me incantations rather than remedies; and his treatment of the last ten years of socialist history persuades me that he has written very much in the mood of the old lady who, as she watched the regiment go by, thought "every man out of step except my Jock." By the time Mr. Weisbord's new international has been founded, I wonder what free countries would be left in the world where it could have the opportunity of operation.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

The Revolution and After

The Making of a Hero, by Nicholas Ostrovski. Translated by Alec Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

IT IS not possible to speak of Ostrovski as a writer without mentioning his merits as a man. In his life, he belonged to the class of anonymous heroes who do all the real work, bear the brunt of all the sacrifices, and whose untiring zeal is rewarded not by the spectacular honors of leadership, but by the imposition of new tasks. At the outbreak of the Russian Revolution Ostrovski was a boy and, from then on until the age of thirty, when he died blind and paralyzed as a result of wounds received during the

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civil war, he did not cease to struggle for its ideals. His novel is a thinly veiled autobiography—which tells in a realistic style of his experiences as a proletarian child and later as a soldier of the Bolshevik army. Its literary merits are not great. There are moving passages (the account of the repercussions of Lenin's death in a small village is one of the best), but the characters, situations, ideas are for the greatest part oversimplified, schematized and do not express anything but the obvious. It is quite probable that during the frightful years of the civil war, life actually was as crude and simple, and the conflicts as obvious, as we see them in Ostrovski's book but, as is well known, the cruder, the more violent the truth, the more delicate is the operation of transposing it into fiction. Ostrovski certainly would have sounded more convincing had it not been for his modest ambition to speak in the third person.

Besides the epic of the typical hero of the Revolution, Ostrovski's novel contains another theme that may account for its great popular success in Soviet Russia, where its sale, we are told, has exceeded 1,600,000 copies. This other theme, which also is the generating motive of the book, deals with the personal epic of a man who struggles for his rehabilitation. Ostrovski became a writer by the sheer power of will, having to begin at the very beginning, overcoming illiteracy. As he saw himself gradually invaded by blindness and paralysis, he refused to become a useless charge to the community and, inspired by a naïve faith in the importance of literature, he resolved to reclaim himself by self-expression.

In his circumstances it was a tremendous undertaking. He was assailed by discouragement, tormented by doubts, often tempted by suicide. Revealingly enough, his effort was completely individualistic: this hero, bearer of military and civil distinctions, relies only on himself at the moment of biological breakdown, although his plight has been caused by his self-sacrificing work for the new society, and the meaning of his desire for rehabilitation is still service. As if to symbolize the utter indifference of society toward his tragic problem, the manuscript of Ostrovski's first novel—the only copy—was lost through the inefficiency of the early Soviet mails. Yet the revolutionist's faith did not waver. He went back to work and produced "The Making of a Hero" (the more appropriate Russian title is "How the Steel Was Tempered"), of which the final chapters, the ones describing his struggle to become a writer, express genuine moral greatness.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

Invertebrate Analysis

Invertebrate Spain, by José Ortega y Gasset. Translation and foreword by Mildred Adams. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 212 pages. $2.75.

UNDER normal circumstances this review would have dealt gently and urbanely with Ortega's personality, high cultural attainments and tremendous literary influence in the Spanish-speaking world. An exposition of the chief ideas in "España Invertebrada," published in Madrid in 1922, would have dismissed them, after admitting their originality, on the ground of historical irrelevancy. But the times are not normal. Spain is being mangled, and Señor Ortega's ideas on the anatomy of Spain cannot now be regarded as so many inconsequential outpourings of a well meaning intellectual gone astray in the presence of his country's catastrophe. Miss Adams has not called attention to the devastating criticism leveled at Ortega's ideas on the structural basis of Spain's people and history. Without this critical elaboration, much of Ortega cannot be understood.

The present book was never published as a unit, and the disparate elements gathered between these covers were written at different times, each showing a different impulse in the intellectual development of their author. The essays on the landscape of Castile are of the finest, for Ortega's exquisite sensibility and cultural suggestions heighten their value. The most objectionable essays are those having nothing to do with the unity Miss Adams desired to impart to her collection.

In "España Invertebrada" Ortega y Gasset continued in the footsteps of his countrymen, Miguel de Unamuno and Angel Ganivet who, in their epoch-making books ("En Torno al Casticismo" and "Idearium Español" respectively), presented most searching analyses of the woes of their country. Indeed, more than a score of writers, scientists, scholars probed into the ulcerous body politic of Spain after the collapse of the Spanish Empire in 1898. Ortega presented his diagnosis in "España Invertebrada." Most Spaniards accept his formulation of the problem: Castile was the region offering an acceptable program for unifying the Peninsular kingdoms. As long as Castile took the initiative in launching heroic undertakings, so long could the unified Spaniards conquer unknown worlds in the material and spiritual sense. But "Castile made Spain, and Castile has unmade it." The loss of the small overseas colonies in 1898 was the signal for a quickened disjunction of Spain proper. Regionalism is the symptom that Spain has ceased to be a nation. A more serious sign of the disorganization of Spain is the revolt of the social classes, particularly the military, which in 1917 began to organize in order to impose its will on the Spanish people.

Seeking the reasons for this dissolution, Señor Ortega entertained some ideas not only erroneous but most harmful to his country's future. Imbued by the irrationalism prevailing in pre-war Germany, where he studied for a few years, he said that the absence of feudalism in Spain explained her inability to form an elastic society. The Iberic tendency to separateness was not stopped by the hierarchical authority of a social organism where docile masses submit to the ruling minority of worth. "The secret of Spanish misfortune lies in the Middle Ages." Whatever has been done in Spain of an abiding value has come from the masses, unguided by selected minorities who know what they are about.

Don Ramón Menéndez Pidal, the highest authority on the Spanish Middle Ages, took issue with Ortega's thesis. He destroyed forever Ortega's ill-thought-out notions. Spain's achievements are popular in origin and elaboration. They are not necessarily plebeian. Selected minorities are of two kinds, those enjoying social privileges and those scattered in the nation without benefit of class emoluments. Outstanding men and women have directed the historical and cultural tasks of the Spanish people. In the light of what is happening at the siege of Madrid, Ortega's aspersions on the character of the Spanish people are most insulting. Let us remember, however, that his unflattering picture of Spain was drawn fifteen years ago and was surely not meant for exportation. By provoking discussion at home, Ortega hoped to break up the complacency of those ruling Spain so disastrously, and he therefore deliberately deleted from his caustic account any reference to the positive traits of his people. In now publishing so unsound a book, Miss Adams has done Spain a disservice.

M. J. BENARDETE.

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The Biography Shelf

Charles Kingsley: 1819-75, by Margaret Farrand Thorp. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 220 pages. $3.

THE CAREER of the rector of Eversley in Hants is one of the type stations—to borrow a phrase from the archeologists—of Middle Victorian culture, a "station" as typical of the British fifties and sixties as the rock shelter of Le Moustier is of the Middle Paleolithic. It is as if Charles Kingsley's novels, his verse, his sermons, his letters were strewn all over with the hand-axes, the charred stones, the mammalian remains from which, even without other evidence, the life of Prince Albert's era could be largely reconstructed. Actually, they are representative only of the middling layers of that life, both socially and intellectually; but within those limits they tell most of the story.

Kingsley began, as a young man in the late thirties of the century, with painful personal conflicts of a sexual nature and with the usual religious doubts: the former were resolved by an early and unbrokenly happy marriage and by the working out, in his own mind, of a philosophy that "reconciled" the body and the spirit by making the one the symbol and outward expression of the other. The religious doubts, partly through his fiancée's intervention, were dissipated by the reading of Coleridge and Carlyle: after the early forties, Kingsley never wavered from his Church of England orthodoxy, and even his debt to the two English Transcendentalists was forgotten in that contempt for "Emersonian Anythingarianism" which inspired one peevish chapter in "Alton Locke" and the whole of "Hypatia."

His genius for reconciling the irreconcilable came out, as time went on, in his brilliant triumphs as a harmonizer of Darwinian biology and Anglican Christianity; but what seems most interesting now is his magnificent fence-straddling on social and political issues. A man of the warmest sympathies and most generous impulses, but of little profundity, Kingsley was sincerely and powerfully agitated by the terrible sufferings of the British working classes during the dark days of the forties, and he threw himself into the reform movement of the decade without counting the personal cost. He declared boldly that he was "a Church of England parson—and a Chartist"; he spoke to workers' meetings and wrote agitational pamphlets; he produced, in "Alton Locke," one of the best of Victorian social novels; and for two or three years he worked with Maurice and the Christian Socialists. His radicalism, however, like Carlyle's and Disraeli's, was half-consciously the radicalism of reaction; it was the radicalism of an intensely loyal Monarchist who thought the real battle of the time was "the Church, the gentleman and the workman, against the shopkeepers and the Manchester school"; and with the rank prosperity that followed the repeal of the Corn Laws and the collapse of Chartism, he succeeded nobly in reconciling his humanitarianism and his political soundness. He ended by becoming Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Her Majesty and a Canon of Westminster.

Mrs. Thorp, who has had access to family papers never utilized since Mrs. Kingsley wrote her husband's biography, and to several collections of letters, has used all this fresh material to excellent effect: her book on Kingsley is the first biography of the man from a detached point of view. Nothing could be more admirable than the skill with which she has allowed the ironic aspects of Kingsley's career to reveal themselves clearly yet without overemphasis at the same time that she does perfect justice to the man's charm and talent. Her book is a real contribution to the archeology of Victorianism.

NEWTON ARVIN.

T. E. Lawrence by His Friends, edited by A. W. Lawrence. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 551 pages. $4.

ONE of the most astonishing impressions left by this book is that it should be possible for some eighty persons of every creed and trade to pass so unanimous a verdict on a dead friend. Throughout it is a pæan of devout praise, be the author a mechanic in the air force, a colonial governor, a painter, an archeologist, or an Arab sheik. Some of the contributors are notables and first-class writers; in their essays we find searching studies of Lawrence's complex personality, but even in the short, ungarnished tributes of unknown men there is no lack of interest and value.

Since most of the writers try to supply a key to the "Lawrence mystery," Bernard Shaw (besides getting in some sharp digs at imperialism) is given a gorgeous chance to deny that the mystery exists at all, on the grounds that everybody knows the facts of Lawrence's life. But it is evident that to the majority of his friends such facts were only a part of the main stimulus; what fascinated and bewildered them was the involved and supremely original personality that lay behind. Also—to the more sophisticated and stubborn at any rate—the fact that this personality captivated them so utterly is bound to have spurred them to search for the source of its power.

There are no real clues here to the origin of this power; we are shown no point in Lawrence's childhood which might mark the awakening and fixing of a distinct life-style. But the *nature* of the power was ever the same, and is best summed up by the Arab Dahoum, when he says: "You ask me why we love Lawrence? And who can help loving him? He is our brother, our friend and leader. He is one of us, there is nothing we do he cannot do and he even excels us in doing it." And Kennington, whose essay is one of the best, writes: "What they [his friends] could see in him was often only a reflection of themselves, as they might be."

This collection might well be called a series of such reflections, reflections which fascinate because of their extraordinary variety. We see Lawrence, always supreme but always different, as strategist, scholar, archeologist, artist, craftsman and diplomat; we see his attitude toward every sort and kind of problem, his delight in baiting the conventional (whether by tying his Croix de Guerre around a dog's neck and letting it loose in Oxford; by having himself and a friend announced at an important reception as "Mr. Lenin and Mr. Trotsky"; or by dropping twelve volumes on the psychology of fear into the letter-box of the local bank); his striving for perfection of method and economy of action, and his love of recognition and disgust with himself for desiring it. The whole strange mixture is well summed up by his brother, who also includes photographs, and lists of Lawrence's books and phonograph records. Save for the testimony of Lawrence's Arab fellows in the campaign this book is complete, and gives plenty of evidence that the Lawrence mystery has only just begun to sprout.

RICHARD VAUGHAN.

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Beckford, by Guy Chapman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 365 pages. $4.

THE AMBIGUOUS figure of William Beckford is more than a forerunner of romanticism. Beckford's life is a miniature of the course of romanticism, and his ambiguities are the ambiguities of the age. His career—a youth of brilliant prospects and ardent sensibility, flowering in strange and splendid works of imagination, gradually lost in extravagance and sinister rumor, fading at last into the common day of auctions at Christie's, an elaborate residence at Bath, a behavior like one of Thackeray's testy parents—is an epitome of the transition from Georgian to Victorian England.

A parvenu only a few generations removed from trade, his enormous wealth distilled from the sweat of slaves in Jamaica, Beckford was also heir to the medieval pride of descent from Edward III. To liaisons in the well bred eighteenth-century style he added black magic and a more scandalous relation with the boy William Courtenay; on a grand tour that included Voltaire and Mlle. Necker he also languished in mountain wilds and on the shores of solitary lakes. His wit was eighteenth century, and his style —that "luminous marmorean style"—and the orientalism of "Vathek" echoes the taste for "Persian" letters, Indian screens, Chinese Chippendale and yellow-turbaned Nubian boys. But the brilliant, exotic coloring, the diabolism, the murky and sulphurous emanation of the Hall of Eblis, were harbingers of Xanadu and the Byronic pageant. Later, abandoning tales in words, Beckford enacted his fictions, creating his own character: the incredible, secluded millionaire "Abbot" of Fonthill, with its cloisters, its vaulted galleries and its sky-piercing but unsteady octagonal tower.

The prismatic fantasy and vitality of Beckford's life, however, seldom illumine the pages of Mr. Guy Chapman's biography. The facts are there, more complete, and more acutely analyzed, than in any previous biography. Their tangled record demands judgment and balance in differentiating fact from fiction, and Mr. Chapman has both. He has an interpretation of Beckford's character that seems to me eminently sound. He has, in fact, every good quality of intelligent biographical scholarship as distinguished from the art of biography. His portrayal lacks only life; it is a model made by an expert anatomist rather than by a sculptor, a conceptualized analysis of a man, not flesh-and-blood.

EDGAR JOHNSON.

Elizabeth Fry: Quaker Heroine, by Janet Whitney. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 340 pages. $3.50.

PROBABLY only students of prison reform or of Quaker history have, until now, known much of Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker heroine of this excellent biography. That she was a Quaker is important. The things she accomplished and her means of accomplishing them were both outgrowths of her faith, and especially of the unswerving obedience to the inner light which was one of the great contributions of Quakerism.

Elizabeth was born in 1780 into the large, wealthy and cultivated Gurney family of Norwich, "gay" Quakers of whom she was the first to turn "plain." At an early age she came under the influence of two American Quakers, William Savery and Deborah Darby, whose prophecy that Elizabeth would be "a light to the blind and speech to the dumb" deeply touched and impressed the young girl. Many years later it was a French-American Quaker, Stephen Grellet, himself one of Deborah Darby's converts, who brought the condition of women prisoners to her attention and started her on the work through which Deborah Darby's prophecy was fulfilled. Meanwhile Elizabeth Gurney had married Joseph Fry, another sturdy and prosperous Quaker, had adjusted herself, not without difficulty, to the blunt, plain Quakerism of his family. She had borne eight of her eleven children and had done, in a quiet and independent way, much philanthropic and educational work among her poorer neighbors.

With this preparation Elizabeth Fry came to her work at Newgate. She brought to it the same sincerity and independence, the democratic friendliness, the serene indifference to convention and red tape that had marked her earlier ventures. With no other weapons she made her first and highly successful attack on the brutal and degraded conditions which were then accepted as a matter of course not only for women prisoners but for their children. Her first independent venture was a school for these children. This accomplished, she tried to find schooling and paid work for their mothers and comparatively humane conditions for transported prisoners. From these beginnings, so simple, practical and immediate, far-reaching changes were to come. Almost overnight the quiet Quaker matron became a celebrity. She was called to give evidence before a committee of the House of Commons and was consulted by prison officials and law makers in England and on the Continent. Throughout she kept up her Quaker ministry, led a rich and complicated domestic life and kept the touching and candid journals on which Mrs. Whitney has drawn so freely in compiling this record.

MARTHA GRUENING.

The Author Reviews

Bulwark of the Republic: A Biography of the Constitution, by Burton J. Hendrick. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 434 pages. $3.50.

THIS story of American constitutional law covers little of the subject for all its 450 pages. It seems incredible, on reading the book, that it should be an Atlantic Monthly pride and joy, that the author should have twice won the Pulitzer Prize, and that it should have been respectfully received in the press. It is superficial enough and banal enough to be practically its own review:

> The charge, frequently made, that all was not idealism in the framing of this great organ of government is thus true enough. . . . All those unlovely human passions, hate, jealousy, selfish ambition, appeared side by side with the nobler motives that enabled the Constitution to survive. . . . In one respect the Anglo-Saxon political genius differs from that of other peoples, and it is a respect that probably explains the superiority of that race in government. . . . The Gilbertian ditty which insists that every man is born either a liberal or a conservative emblazons, for England and America, a profound political truth. . . .
>
> This [appointment of "midnight judges"] was an unpleasant fact facing Jefferson as Marshall administered the oath. Courteous as was the behavior of both men on this occasion [the inaugural], there were no two Americans then extant who detested each other more. . . . Unlike the President, the Supreme Court had no army and navy to compel obedience; Madison therefore would ignore its ukase; Marshall would thus, after all his thundering, be simply left to wring his hands in rage, while the whole country laughed. . . . Since then the prosaic words "Marbury v. Madison" have taken on in the American story an imaginative quality almost Shakespearean. . . .
>
> Some kind of ichor evidently enters the blood of Supreme Court judges which, irrespective of partisan-

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ship displayed in private life, converts them into wonders of impartiality and high honor. . . . "Packing the bench" has been shown to involve fundamental misunderstandings of human nature. . . . On this disappointment is founded the unpleasant picture so frequently painted of Calhoun—that of a fierce, frustrated man, seeking to rend limb by limb the Union which had denied him the greatest honor. This view makes him about the most sinister figure in American annals. . . . Strange perturbations marked the theory of states-rights in the first half of the nineteenth century. . . . The nation gave a sign, believing that a great danger had passed and that the problem of the growth of slavery had been settled. . . . For Clay was the great "compromiser," the man who watched factions develop into a seething *impasse* and then at the vital moment, stepped in with an arrangement intended to reduce the disputants to harmony. . . .

About one phase of [President] Johnson's career, however, there was nothing questioning. In all stages of his advancement the Constitution had been the rock of his political creed. . . . Justice Joseph P. Bradley, probably the greatest intellect, considered purely as intellect, who ever ornamented the Supreme Court. . . . The prairies went wild with indignation and politicians thrived upon their grievances. . . . The words [of Chief Justice Waite in Munn v. Illinois] fell like balm on the millions of American farmers patiently tilling their fields. . . . And it is a satisfaction that, though separated in time by a century, in thought and aspiration they [Marshall and Holmes] are so much akin. And the deep-seated reason was the same. They were both Americans.

This isn't all of the book, naturally, but it should be enough. Competent and sound investigation simply is not carried on in this way, though Pulitzer prize-winning sometimes may be.

ISIDOR FEINSTEIN.

Contributors

MAURICE HINDUS has written numerous books and articles dealing with the Soviet Union, the books including "Red Bread," "Broken Earth" and "The Great Offensive." His most recent work is a novel, "Moscow Skies," published last fall by Random House.

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LUDWIG LORE, who writes a regular daily column on foreign affairs for The New York Post, is now traveling in Europe. He was for fifteen years editor-in-chief of The New York Volkszeitung.

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NEWTON ARVIN is an associate professor of English at Smith College. He is working on a book about Walt Whitman.

RICHARD VAUGHAN is the author of a novel, "Chalk and Cheese," and has contributed short stories to Time and Tide and other English publications. He was the translator of the late Dr. Alfred Adler.

EDGAR JOHNSON'S study of biography during the last four centuries, "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography," has recently been published by Stackpole Sons.

MARTHA GRUENING has devoted many years to study and writing in the field of sociology and has centered her attention on the questions of interracial relationships.

ISIDOR FEINSTEIN is the chief editorial writer for The New York Post and the author of a recent book, "The Court Disposes" (Covici, Friede).

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